

## Loose Ends – Prologue

*Sitting in the morning sun  
I'll be sitting when the evening comes  
Watching the ships roll in  
And I watch 'em roll away again*

*[Refrain]  
Sitting on the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
I'm just sitting on the dock of the bay  
Wasting time*

*I left my home in Georgia  
Headed for the 'Frisco bay  
'Cause I had nothin to live for  
And look like nothing's gonna come my way*

*So I'm just...  
[Refrain]*

*Look like nothing's gonna change  
Everything still remains the same  
I can't do what ten people tell me to do  
So I guess I'll remain the same*

*Sittin here resting my bones  
And this loneliness won't leave me alone  
It's two thousand miles I roamed  
Just to make this dock my home*

*Now, I'm just...*

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I'm including a song from the soundtrack from one of my favorite movies. It seemed like I'd spent most of my life trying to be prepared, starting when I was a Cub Scout. At one time, for a brief period, I actually was, until I drank up the money I got from selling my 23 guns. There was a spell where I didn't have any guns and couldn't legally own them. About 6 years later the opportunity presented itself and the M1A came home with me after the obligatory 15-day waiting period. The list of firearms I wanted was long and could take years to accumulate. It started with the M1A, followed about 8 months later with the Mossberg 590A1. The third on the list was a Taurus PT1911B, 8+1 Capacity .45. After that, a used Taurus model 62 pump action .22 clone. And finally something in .50 caliber, hopefully a M82A1M (M107). Had to settle for a Mk 15.

As luck would have it the money for the shotgun and .45 came at the same time. I sent my son the money for the handgun I wanted which was illegal in the PRK, and unavailable. After he bought a substitute, we talked having it shipped dealer to dealer, registered and all the other stuff you had to do to own a handgun in the home of socialism. I got the .45 ammo before I had the gun, so certain was I that the gun was coming. The second case of buckshot came and my supply of 7.62x51mm was just shy of 3,000 rounds.

According to my own rules, I was 2,000 rounds short, but the price had gone through the roof. The wife was aboard, sort of. By that, I mean she thought I was nuts but thought it might be nice not to have to go to the grocery store and not have money to buy the food we needed. We had about 90-100 days of food, not counting the beans and rice. I was working on having 15 cartons of Kools locked up in my storage cabinet. There was some sort of conspiracy trying to force everyone to quit smoking. The PRK had awful taxes on smokes and that must have led the way for the feds to do the same thing.

We had refinanced our house just in time, the sub-prime problems caused the economy to go into the toilet. Al-Qaeda was threatening to explode dirty bombs in New York and other cities, NY was on a self-imposed Orange Alert. That idiot that Bush had appointed to replace Tom Ridge at the Dept. of Homeland Insecurity had a feeling *in his gut* that we were in for a long hot summer. While we might be achieving some military success in Iraq, we were losing the political battle both at home and in Iraq.

We used the money from the new loan to catch up on bills, built block walls, painted inside and tiled the floors. Although I had a budget, she cheated and so did I. I got the second case of Buckshot. Since most of you know me from my stories, you realize I had more weight than I could carry on a good day. Starting sometime in early 2007, my mind started to go. I had a story, *The Hard Way*, going and suddenly couldn't finish it.

I knew I was in trouble when she bought me a pair of gun cases, one for the rifle and shotgun and another for the 3 handguns. Fortunately the rifle case had wheels or I wouldn't have been able to move it. The cases locked assuring her the grandkids couldn't get to the guns. I'd much rather had assault weapons cases with pouches for magazines or shotgun shells. I told her Thank you and locked up the weapons. I gotta tell you, when Aim Surplus came up with some SA surplus at \$50 a battle pack, I should have bought enough to get those 5,000 rounds. Instead, I bought six, giving me two full cases of 1,260 rounds each. I hope when they get more in, the price will be the same and I get another full case, or two.

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In the fall of 1961, I might have been able to carry my rifle and 20 magazines of .308 plus the pistol and another 75 rounds without having a heart attack. I still could, for maybe a block – until my wind and legs gave out. It seemed to me we had so much to do and so little time and money to get it done. I wanted to round out the armory and

ammo; we could use more food on the shelves plus more shelving to hold it. We didn't have water storage and needed some way to store about 900-1,000 gallons of potable water.

Never mind the possibility of WW III; we were looking The Great Depression #2 in the eyes. Worse, the Global War on Terror was going to move from the Middle East to our shores. As far as WW III went, Russia and China were in the middle of major buildups and pundits had suggested the Cold War was resuming. And... the frosting on the cake was this North American Union that kept popping up. Who needed disasters in these times of uncertainty, our plate was pretty full already?

We built the wall to keep our dogs in and the No Habla's out. Had we more money to spend, we'd have wrapped our lot in block wall all around with wrought iron in front for appearances sake. My dad said you could always identify people from the PRK, they were the ones with the 6' fences. Sharon and I were beginning to understand what he meant.

I caught her sleeping in front of the TV and asked if I could buy some Gold Dot. Only half awake, she said yes and I ordered 500 rounds of 230gr Gold Dot .45ACP and 100 rounds of 65gr Hydra Shok for the little Nazi .32. By now, I was only 2 cases (2,520 rounds) of 7.62 and another 500 rounds of Buckshot away from a full supply of ammo for the guns we had. Let's face it, the M82A1M would never come and an AR-15 was very unlikely. If a .22 rifle and 10,000 rounds of 22LR came to pass, we'd be about as far as we could get. I figured about \$500 for the rifle and another \$200 for the ammo.

Thus began my ammo challenge – the Nazi .32 didn't like the Hydra Shok, so I bought 50 rounds of Winchester. The nose on the bullets was flat, not round, and it wouldn't feed either. I finally found some Federal ammo with a round nose that would feed. It only got better, Springfield Armory didn't have any Hi Caps available and I ended up with something better, a Taurus PT1911 with a total of 7 8-round magazines. Having ammo I couldn't use didn't trip my trigger, so I asked Russ and he suggested I give them to Chuck. In exchange, I ended up with more KIO<sub>3</sub>.

Derek was starting school this fall instead of going back to the sand box and Damon was busy getting to know the new girlfriend. I spent my days reading online news sources and worrying about nearly everything. I gave her the \$50 Ron gave me for setting up his computer to buy another 50 pounds of pinto beans. When they stocked up on groceries, they bought 25 pounds of beans and 50# of rice. Given a choice, I'd rather have more beans than rice, especially since we had several boxes of Minute Rice.

"I got those pinto beans you wanted; I sure hope we don't end up needing to eat them."

"You could have gone to Smart and Final and picked up 10-pound packages of great northern, navy, kidney and pinquito beans. Did you pick up any dried chopped onion?"

"I only got what you said to get, pinto beans. I can go back tomorrow, but darn it, make

a list if you want something else.”

“I’ll write down, Sharon, sorry. We should get the assortment of beans I mentioned and enough dried chopped onion and chili powder to use up some of the pinto beans. You like the kidney beans and pinto beans in your chili and I thought we should get some.”

“Anything else?”

“Beano?”

“Write it all down, but I’m telling you, don’t leave anything off, I’m not going back.”

From the look in her eye, she meant it and it was now or never. I started a list adding the things we’d discussed and added 30 packages of powdered milk, 2 boxes of tea, 1 more can of hot cocoa mix, 24 jars of pasta sauce, three more bundles of Kraft Macaroni & Cheese plus those 10 pounds each of kidney, pinto, great northern and navy beans, 4 large jars of chili powder and a dozen jars of Cheese Whiz. She didn’t swear much, either; it was now or never.

Depending on how we did it, we could get by now for up to 6 months eating a whole lot of chili and rice. I was seriously thinking about ordering a case of #10 cans of whole eggs mix and maybe 100 pounds of flour. We had a lot of canned meat including tuna, beef and chicken and I’d watch Rite Aid for Dak hams and Spam on sale. Anything to ensure we wouldn’t run out of food in the event we did have trouble later this year.

Jeff Storm mentioned he had several cases of SA surplus put up and I wanted to ask if he’d consider selling me one full case of 9 battle packs. I was willing to go \$50 per pack if he threw in the ammo can. You never knew, I might catch him or Sandy in a good mood and get closer to my goal of 5,000 rounds. I could always sweeten the pot by buying another case of buckshot. When I asked about the 7.62 he laughed. They took weeks to get me the second case of 8 pellet buckshot.

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A dirty bomb wasn’t likely to affect us up in the desert but a full blown nuke was sure to. If the San Andreas let loose in the Coachella Valley, would it extend all the way north to Palmdale? That was worth a second thought, the Ft. Tejon Earthquake extended for quite a ways and I looked it up.

“The Fort Tejon earthquake occurred at about 8:20 AM (Pacific time) on January 9, 1857. It ruptured the San Andreas Fault for a length of about 350 kilometers (225 miles), between Parkfield and San Bernardino. Displacement along the fault was as much as 9 meters (30 feet) in the Carrizo but less along the Palmdale section of the fault, closest to Los Angeles. The amount of fault slip gives this earthquake a moment magnitude of 7.9, comparable to that of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Based on

the (uncertain) distribution of foreshocks for this earthquake, it is assumed that the beginning of the fault rupture (the epicenter) was in the area between Parkfield and Cholame, about 60 miles northwest. Nevertheless, it is usually called the "Fort Tejon" earthquake because this was the location of the greatest damage, most of the area being unpopulated at the time."

Maybe I should keep track of the possible problems:

1. Biological Warfare, either natural or manmade
2. Dirty bomb terrorist attack(s)
3. Economic meltdown
4. Earthquake on the San Andreas Fault
5. Gassed to death by Methane from eating too many beans
6. My perennial favorite, Global Thermonuclear War

A meal consisting of chili with beans over a bed of rice provides a well-balanced diet if you add cornbread. I'd eat, even if they starved. We had tuna, canned beef, canned chicken, Spam, Dak Hams and frozen meat in the freezer. It was up to me to keep an eye on the supplies and give her a list when we got low on anything. She hadn't considered that I'd lie and it wouldn't take that long to have twice as much food. The race was on and we needed both time and money to be ready when whatever it was happened. It's still a question of when and what, not if.

In my story titled Whetstone, Derek and I collaborated to design the M1A3 MBT. It didn't have just any engine, but the XL-1800A.

There was only one XL-1800A. It was a test engine, a diesel presented for primary analysis by Aberdeen Proving Grounds in the spring of '09 in response to a last-minute executive order by Dubya that he neglected to relay to Obama's political team. The XL-1800A passed all the tests with flying colors when tested. It was powerful enough to get the Abrams up to 60 MPH and keep it there for hours, and reliable enough to go 3000 hours between overhauls. It even kept the noise down to a whisper, thanks to special mufflers, without surrendering power. Best of all, it could get 2.2 miles per gallon. That meant on an XL-1800A equipped Abrams with 504.5 gallons of fuel capacity there was a maximum range of around 1,109.9 miles, roughly four times the range of an Abrams with the stock AT-1500 engine in it. Moreover, the tank had that new German gun, the L-55 made by Rheinmetall AG. (The really funny thing was that the Army was actually working on the M1A3 with better fire control, improved IV-50-2 engine and improved L-55 gun.)

Derek and I agreed on the tank, but not on other things. He didn't like the M-14 rifle because the ammo was too heavy and battles weren't fought at long ranges. He insisted it was fine as a sniper rifle. He'd never shot any military handgun besides that M9 and he liked it because he was proficient. He claimed I could never move around with my M1A because I'd be too loaded down with ammo.

Between you and me, he was right; I learned that from just helping empty the back of the car of groceries. By the time I'd hauled in 100 pounds, I was done in. I rationalized that in a fire fight, as I got tired, my load would be less due to shooting up the ammo. I had yet to test my theory and if it's ok with you, I won't until I have to.

There was some good news during late summer, Benjamin Netanyahu easily defeated a radical Jewish settler in the race to lead Israel's hard line Likud Party. His elder brother, Yonatan "Yoni" Netanyahu, was the Israeli killed in the Raid on Entebbe. It appeared he'd eventually replace Olmert.

While I was speculating, I'd narrowed it down to one of two things: 1) we'd be ready and nothing would happen; or, 2) it would go down long before we were ready. Has anyone priced bomb shelters lately? I can tell one thing, the price isn't going down.

Plus in a follow up piece about Bibi winning the election, the guy starts talking about Gog and Magog; think War of Ezekiel 38-39. It was Joel C. Rosenberg who wrote a Christian apocalyptic novel in 2005 titled *The Ezekiel Option*. Rosenberg is a friend of Bibi. In his first novel, *The Last Jihad*, he put a hijacker in the cockpit of jet aimed at the President. That novel came out just before 9/11. He's a friend of others, too – Rush, Pat Robertson, just to name a few.

While I think I can pray for my salvation, I don't believe I can pray a hijacker away. Wait, they already did that one, maybe it WILL be the dirty bombs... You know, it doesn't matter what kind of disaster we have – provided we're prepared to get through the first few days. At the moment, my disaster is Time Warner Cable being down during the Glenn Beck Show. Yes I called and no, they didn't know they had an outage. She said they'd work on it. She was more right than she knew, TW was pulling six new cables, it could take hours.

FEMA's still harping on the 3 day kit; they wouldn't if they'd ever found New Orleans. The government can fix anything and if they do, you'd better take out insurance before they start to work on it. I take back both of my votes for that lame duck in the White House. The only things he was better than were Al Gore and John Kerry. Of course, if Hilary or Osama win, I might want him back. I'd vote for Fred, but I get the feeling he may be a day late and several dollars short. Then Rudy tried to side up to the NRA – Boo Hiss!

In the year of 2007, Rodney King's question really stood out. *People, I just want to say, you know, can we all get along?* The world had wars going in Iraq, Afghanistan, Burma, Africa, South America and places I hadn't read about in the papers. The arms buildup was as bad as, or worse than the Cold War. A person couldn't buy affordable ammo because it was needed for the wars.

I received an email: "Let me throw a what if in here. What if the Democrats regain the White House and maintain control of Congress? What if China and Russia decide we no longer have the stones to use our nukes? Remember that Bill Clinton said we should

absorb a nuke attack and try to negotiate peace.” He went on to say: “Sounds a lot like a plot line for one of your stories doesn’t it?” Unfortunately, it does. I’ve maintained that it’s not if, but what and when.

When it turned out I couldn’t get the Springfield Armory .45, I went for a Taurus PT 1911. The only problem was, the gun wasn’t on the approved list for the PRK. It was acquired and shipped, but never got here. At least, he got it back after a couple of weeks, with a note that said it was a no-no. One of the boys was coming to visit in 2009 and would bring it, provided I was still alive. Thus, I concentrated on getting the Taurus M62B rifle and 20 bricks of .22LR ammo. If the real estate market ever improves, I may move back to the US of A.

You may recall that I claim that the Cold War never ended. Putin really got into the face of the Secretaries of State and Defense, when they went to visit. I don’t understand putting missiles in Poland or radar in the Czech Republic, we can’t even secure our own borders.

By this time, I was sweating and it couldn’t be attributed to high blood sugar. Crude was ~\$85 a barrel, the price of gold ~\$750 an ounce and most people didn’t realize that we might not have any bread next year due to the wheat shortage. Wiki said, “In 2007 there was a dramatic rise in the price of wheat due to freezes and flooding in the northern hemisphere and a drought in Australia. Wheat futures in September, 2007 for December and March delivery had risen above \$9.00 a bushel, prices never seen before. There were complaints in Italy about the high price of pasta.”

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For some reason, there were those that believed that we’d have a terrorist attack on October 12, 2007 (today). As of the moment, it hadn’t happened. What’s more likely, in my humble opinion, is that Dubya will attempt a surgical strike against Iran. Does *surgical* mean; fewer people get killed? Keep in mind that Russia, China and North Korea are major suppliers to Iran. That would make my perennial favorite far more likely if they rush to Iran’s aid. However, October 12 came and went and nothing happened. By this time, I’d managed to convince my bride to put up 100# of bread flour, sugar, Crisco and yeast. We didn’t have a grain grinder and I really doubted she’d consider buying one. Wheat will store forever, flour about a year, or so I’m told.

In my story, *The Hard Way*, I mentioned this:

Toba in Sumatra experienced the massive volcano of VEI 8.0 – super volcano 74,000 years back. The deep Java trench marks the line where the Indo-Australian plate subducts, i.e. slips under, the section of the Eurasian plate on which Indonesia sits. While sinking, the Indo-Australian plate heats up and its water content turns to superheated steam under enormous pressure. Prodigious energies are generated and the volcanoes on the fault line release a part of these energies. The speed of that push is 70 mm (2.75 in.) per year, adding up to more than 5 km (3.1 miles) in the 73,000 years since the last

major Toba eruption.

According to computer models, somewhere near Toba, along the fault line there may be another super volcano getting ready for eruption. 3.1 mile sinking of Indo-Australian plate under the Eurasian Plate in the last 74,000 years has created enough magma for a super volcano.

The recent series of volcanoes in that area have increased the level of alarm. Some of the quakes mistaken as aftershocks were harmonic tremors signifying lava movements. If Toba or along Toba the volcanic eruption takes place, it can bring the human civilization to its knees. This has the potential of 3000 cubic kilometers of eruption. That can be so devastating that earth may experience a drop in temperature of 30°F for many years. It can actually be larger than the one Toba experienced 74,000 years back.

Simultaneous Terrestrial and Solar polar reversal in 2012 accompanied by recent tectonic movement as well as harmonic tremor in the area shows high probability of a mega volcano in 2012 in that area.

I must have missed that on History Channel's Mega-disasters. They did have a show on Krakatoa getting revenge and another on plate tectonics. There have been a lot of earthquakes in the west Pacific, recently. The 1815 eruption of Mt. Tambora in 1815, resulted in *The Year Without a Summer* around the world in 1816.

As a consequence of the series of volcanic eruptions, crops in the above cited areas had been poor for several years; the final blow came in 1815 with the eruption of Tambora. In America, many historians cite *The Year Without a Summer* as a primary motivation for the western movement and rapid settlement of what is now western and central New York and the American Midwest. Many New Englanders were wiped out that year, and tens of thousands struck out for the richer soil and better growing conditions of the Upper Midwest.

Europe, still recuperating from two hundred years of Wars, suffered from food shortages. Food riots broke out in Britain and France and grain warehouses were looted. The violence was worst in landlocked Switzerland, where famine caused the government to declare a national emergency. Huge storms, abnormal rainfall with flooding of the major rivers of Europe attributed to the event, as was the frost setting in during August 1816. A BBC documentary using figures compiled in Switzerland estimated that fatality rates in 1816 were twice that of average years, giving an approximate European fatality total of 200,000 deaths.

The eruption of Tambora also caused Hungary to experience brown snow. Italy experienced something similar, with red snow falling throughout the year. The cause of this is believed to have been volcanic ash in the atmosphere.

In China, unusually low temperatures in summer and fall devastated rice production in Yunnan province in the southwest, resulting in widespread famine. Fort Shuangcheng,



now in Heilongjiang province, reported fields disrupted by frost and conscripts deserting as a result. Summer snowfall was reported in various locations in Jiangxi and Anhui provinces, both in the south of the country. In Taiwan, which has a tropical climate, snow was reported in Hsinchu and Miaoli, while frost was reported in Changhua.

According to the End of Times Report:

If you are actually serious about storing foods for your own survival, you MUST store whole wheat and a grain grinder! There simply is no substitute for long term storage of whole wheat that can be home ground into flour for cooking. But you can store any kind of flour by sealing it into bags (I use a small kitchen garbage bag), freezing at 0 F for 4 days, then storing it on a shelf or closet...it will keep at least several years this way.

To store whole wheat in small quantities, place a tall kitchen garbage bag into a 5 gallon bucket, fill with whole wheat, use a straw to remove all air, seal the bag, snap on the lid of the bucket, and freeze it for 4 days...it will last for decades this way. A normal (white) 5 gallon bucket is actually only about 4 gallons, and will hold 30 pounds of rice, 25 pounds of beans, or about 25 pounds of wheat. You should have at least 10 buckets filled with each of the above for each person.

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As you can see, October 12th came and went. The world won't end until 11:11 Zulu, December 21, 2012; maybe that will give me time to get my pistol from Arkansas. I might even get the .22 rifle and all the ammo by then. It would be my luck; we'd get hit by an asteroid about 20 miles in diameter. I'm doing well on this story; I've only been working on it for two months.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know that our time on Earth is very short, maybe an average of 75 years depending on where you live. We all expect to die a natural death – that doesn't always work out due to things like accidents, disease, war and a million other things. Those of us who believe in preparedness try to get an edge against those things that won't kill us outright. We store food, water, weapons and ammo and possibly get a generator and fuel. It won't make any difference if the bomb goes off over your house!

A line has been drawn in the sand by radical Islam vs. the Jews and Christians. They haven't said where the Buddhists and other religions fit in, but they believe there is only one God, Allah. Their mantra seems to be: convert or die. One of the worst of these is bin Laden and he's shown his willingness to kill thousands over his perceived insult to Islam when we stationed troops in Saudi Arabia during the first Gulf War. Most of his funding appears to come from other Saudis and those Muslim Charities here in our country.

“When you go to the store would you pick up another 50 pounds of flour?”

“We already have 50 pounds of bread flour and 10 pounds of general purpose. I thought you said it wouldn’t keep.”

“I found out how to preserve it. Please!”

“Will 50 pounds be enough?”

“Maybe not, but it’s a start.”

“Anything else?”

“Yeast, sugar and Crisco. How’s our supply of coffee?”

“We have a full shelf full.”

“Get another half dozen and 4 more cartons of smokes.”

“I’ll go to Costco first, then stop by Wal-Mart.”

“Where did you get the macaroni?”

“Sam’s Club.”

“You’d better stop there and get 2 more bags. We need some cheese; either Velveeta or Cheese Whiz will be okay. Did you pick up the 50 pound bags of Act popcorn?”

“Anything else?”

“You can never have too many beans or too much rice.”

“Would 50 pounds of each stop you?”

“For now.”

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She was back about four hours later and had everything I wanted including 6 cartons of Kools. I sort of helped her unload the Rondo and we rearranged things a little on the shelves.

“Have you been reading the news?”

“I did when I got up, but haven’t since. Why what’s up?”

“Did you read anything about an asteroid or comet?”

## Loose Ends – Chapter 1

*Revvin' up your engine  
Listen to her howlin' roar  
Metal under tension  
Beggin' you to touch and go*

*Highway to the Danger Zone  
Ride into the Danger Zone*

*Headin' into twilight  
Spreadin' out her wings tonight  
She got you jumpin' off the track  
And shovin' into overdrive*

*Highway to the Danger Zone  
I'll take you  
Right into the Danger Zone*

*You'll never say hello to you  
Until you get it on the red line overload  
You'll never know what you can do  
Until you get it up as high as you can go*

*Out along the edges  
Always where I burn to be  
The further on the edge  
The hotter the intensity*

*Highway to the Danger Zone  
Gonna take you  
Right into the Danger Zone  
Highway to the Danger Zone*

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“There’s a difference, you know; the comet has a tail. A meteor is the same thing as asteroid, but smaller.”

“Yeah, whatever. Did you see anything?”

“I didn’t, so it’s probably not a comet, you can see them coming from a long ways off. *Deep Impact* and *Armageddon* involved asteroids. You’d think if it was very big, someone should have discovered it a long time ago.”

You said you read a story about an asteroid strike.”

*“Paradise by Flight-ER Doc.”*

“What happened?”

“An asteroid hit off the coast of India, started WW III and sort of caused an abrupt climate change. Between that and the war that followed the strike, it was almost the end of the world.”

“Do me a favor. Go check the internet and see what you can find. I heard that on the way to Costco, so I loaded up on everything including 3 trips through the line to get you 6 cartons of Kools. How are you on meds?”

“I think I have at least a 3 month supply. I can change back to Humalin and go for 6 months.”

“Tell me what you find.”

“I checked.”

“What did you find?”

“Nothing.”

“What do you want to do?”

“We can drive back to Des Moines and you can visit Shirley. On the way, we can stop in Flippin and pick up my .45.”

“Is that all you can think of is getting that gun?”

“Well, I also need another 20 battle packs of that South African Surplus, the .22 rifle and 10,000 rounds of .22 ammo.”

“That’s a long way to drive.”

“I wouldn’t fly if I could and I wouldn’t bring an illegal gun back in my baggage, regardless. What’s the big deal? I’ve driven it straight through the last two times I went.”

“How far is it?”

“I’ll check. It’s about 1,600 (1,618) miles to Flippin and about 500 (496) miles from there to Des Moines. Call it 2,100 (2,114) miles. At 70mph average, it would take 30 hours of driving time, 3 days, tops.”

The difference between me driving and her driving was remarkable. I stopped when the

tank needed gas, emptied my tank and picked up some snacks. She had to stop to fill the tank, a different time to empty her tank and insisted on eating in restaurants. The difference was about 1½ days. We only spent one night in Flippin and I had my PT1911 plus a Taurus M62B. They also had an AR-15 new, for only \$799, plus tax. I made sure to load up on 30-round magazines. (I hate AR-15s, but couldn't help myself.)

It would be shorter coming back, about 1,650 miles total, figure 4 days. She must have heard me or had been reading over my shoulder, she took all 4 days. Sister Shirley said she was going to stay in Des Moines to take care of Darwin, but we should get together with Charlene and work out something to work together when that rock hit. We talked on the way back and I told her it didn't make any sense to build a bomb shelter. If we had the money, we should extend the block wall and completely circle our home.

When you want a wrought iron gate in Palmdale, you contact Dale's Hitching Post. They charged us \$595 for the new wrought iron gate to the backyard, installed. IIRC, the gate ran about \$80 a foot plus installation. We'd need about 60' of wrought iron for the front fence and 2 gates. We agreed it would probably cost about 5 grand installed plus the additional block wall, say another 3 grand. We also discussed food and agreed we'd better plan on having a year's worth of both that and our meds.

One duck didn't need to be lined up, going through Texas, I saw a gun shop and made her stop. I got two full ammo cans plus 2 extra battle packs of 7.62 for \$55 per battle pack. Why buy 25 year old surplus ammo? My rifle really likes it and shoots MOA groups, that's why. When we got home, I went shopping (she took me) and picked up some high velocity and hyper velocity .22LR ammo, ten bricks of each.

Dale came out and bid the wrought iron. He said if we could wait until cold weather, he'd cut his price by 10%, down to 5 grand, but that included a remote controlled gate opener for the car gate. We wanted the privacy screen on the backyard gate and that had cost us \$125 so we opted to forego it this time. What I wanted to do next was have Tim grind the balls off those spikes on top of the wrought iron after it was installed and lay on a coat of black enamel paint.

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We hadn't been this broke in about a year or more. I contacted the Ark Institute and laid in a supply of heirloom seeds and we got a good used rototiller from an ad in the paper. The only thing left to get was a full size generator and fuel, but I doubted that would happen so I started to accumulate gasoline. Chris found me a pair of good used 55 gallon drums and I began filling them 35 gallons at a time (we had 7 5-gallon cans).

With oil hovering near \$100 a barrel, gas was over \$4 a gallon and I needed a gallon of PRI-G from BatteryStuff dot com. It took two trips to the gas station to fill the drums and one last trip to fill the empty cans. Then I got a wild hair and bought 5 more 5-gallon cans and filled those too. My reasoning was it would be easier to fill 12 5-gallon cans than a 55-gallon drum. That gave us 170 gallons of gas, about 340 run hours.

Long an advocate of salvaging if TSHTF, neither Ron nor I was spry enough to do much of that anymore. Maybe if push came to shove, I could ride along and provide cover, or something. MCLB Barstow is one of my favorite places; but: It has ~1,000 military personnel; and, is surrounded by ~30,000 retired military personnel. Didn't tell you that before, I wanted it to look easy. Plus, it's next door to Ft. Irwin which abuts the 29 Palms Marine Corps Training Center. We probably couldn't take the place with a Troop of Abrams tanks.

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I had the stove on the back patio converted to propane and got 20 100 pound (25 gallon) bottles. I also picked up jets for the hot water heater, dryer, furnace and kitchen stove. With the fence was in, the tree removed from the backyard and the ground tilled, we were ready for planting. We needed a new rubber ring for our Presto canner plus one of those 30 quart All American canners, jars and lots of lids.

It was one of those tick... tick... tock times (there will be more), the waiting was nearly unbearable. Dr. J increased my tranquilizer to double my previous dose. He said that a lot of his patients were being driven nuts by the waiting. I pointed out it was never a question of if, just when and what. Then he said a favorite line, "Plan for the worst and hope for the best." I pointed out that Palmdale was about 2,650' above mean sea level and they were welcome to pitch a tent in our backyard. He said he'd keep it in mind, but he probably won't.

We were approaching a two-year supply of most things when the government began evacuating the coasts, with an emphasis on the west coast. They had some time to plan it, but it reminded me of what happened in New Orleans, a day late and a dollar short. Bush made the same lame promises after the 2007 California fires that he made after Katrina. FEMA wasn't much better, even with the time they had to plan the evacuation. At least no buses blew up.

The strike was southwest of Hawaii, just a little north of the Baker Island, a US Territory. At its source, the wave was 1,000 meters high and a person could generally write off many of the Pacific Islands and Island chains. When it hit Hawaii, anything below 500' above MSL was totally trashed and if the first wave didn't destroy it, the follow on waves and trash did. It was brought to us live via satellite from cameras positioned on some of the mountains.

The bottom line was an asteroid strike created the largest tsunami ever recorded. For the water to reach the Antelope Valley, it would need to rise about 3,100' above MSL at Escondido Pass. Most of the evacuees had been moved inland to areas like Barstow and further east. A few hours later, the tsunami hit the west coast, essentially wiping out San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and smaller cities along the coast. That's when the 'fun' began.

o

Baker Island is in Oceania. That puts it far closer to Australia than the US. Australia had ample time to prepare, but their gun laws put people at a major disadvantage. I wasn't worried about them, we had our own problems. The only remaining refineries in California were the ones near Bakersfield and they also supplied our natural gas. With most of the major coastal cities gone, electricity wasn't a problem because it came from Hoover Dam. However the major problem appeared to be food. I wasn't worried about us; it was the other people, especially the ones who knew how much we had.

To get ready, I loaded my rifle and shotgun and used them to do curl ups; my goal was 100 with each in one sitting, twice a day. To be sure I could walk to the front of the tract; I began doing laps (walking) around the tract, once in the morning and again in the early evening before the sun went down. I put on my Tac-Force vest, slung the loaded shotgun and carried the rifle with a magazine. I got a lot of nasty looks.

My vest contains 14 magazines and must weigh about a ton, give or take. Did I mention the bandoleer of 56 shotgun shells? I had to stop and rest halfway around in the beginning, to catch my wind, have a smoke and take a couple of glucose tablets. After the first trip, I stopped looking forward to more.

Obama came on TV with an announcement that basically said not to worry, he'd save us. Now, I'm really worried! According to his figures, we had on the order of 30 million displaced persons (evacuees). Then, he started to invoke those Executive Orders I've warned you about so many times, seizing transportation, food stocks, fuel stocks and I quit listening.

"Can he do that?"

"Yep. I have a list of those Executive Orders in one of my stories."

"You knew about them?"

"I've known about them since 2004, Sharon."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Would you have listened?"

"Probably not. We don't have to go anywhere and you do have all that gas stored."

"What's your point? The only places I ever go are to the Doctors' offices. I wonder how much the stock market went down today? We won't have internet because it goes through LA. Give me a minute and I'll print out the Executive Orders.

The following Executive Orders are associated with Federal Emergency Management

Agency (FEMA) that would suspend the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. These Executive Orders have been on record for nearly 30 years and could be enacted by the stroke of a Presidential pen:

EXECUTIVE ORDER 10990 allows the government to take over all modes of transportation and control of highways and seaports.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 10995 allows the government to seize and control the communication media.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 10997 allows the government to take over all electrical power, gas, petroleum, fuels and minerals.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 10998 allows the government to seize all means of transportation, including personal cars, trucks or vehicles of any kind and total control over all highways, seaports, and waterways.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 10999 allows the government to take over all food resources and farms.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11000 allows the government to mobilize civilians into work brigades under government supervision.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11001 allows the government to take over all health, education and welfare functions.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11002 designates the Postmaster General to operate a national registration of all persons.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11003 allows the government to take over all airports and aircraft, including commercial aircraft.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11004 allows the Housing and Finance Authority to relocate communities, build new housing with public funds, designate areas to be abandoned, and establish new locations for populations.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11005 allows the government to take over railroads, inland waterways and public storage facilities.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11051 specifies the responsibility of the Office of Emergency Planning and gives authorization to put all Executive Orders into effect in times of increased international tensions and economic or financial crisis.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11310 grants authority to the Department of Justice to enforce the plans set out in Executive Orders, to institute industrial support, to establish judicial and legislative liaison, to control all aliens, to operate penal and correctional institutions, and



to advise and assist the President.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11049 assigns emergency preparedness function to federal departments and agencies, consolidating 21 operative Executive Orders issued over a fifteen-year period.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 11921 allows the Federal Emergency Preparedness Agency to develop plans to establish control over the mechanisms of production and distribution, of energy sources, wages, salaries, credit and the flow of money in US financial institution in any undefined national emergency. It also provides that when the President declares a state of emergency, Congress cannot review the action for six months. The Federal Emergency Management Agency has broad powers in every aspect of the nation. General Frank Salzedo, chief of FEMA's Civil Security Division stated in a 1983 conference that he saw FEMA's role as a "new frontier in the protection of individual and governmental leaders from assassination, and of civil and military installations from sabotage and/or attack, as well as prevention of dissident groups from gaining access to US opinion, or a global audience in times of crisis." FEMA's powers were consolidated by President Carter to incorporate the:

National Security Act of 1947 allows for the strategic relocation of industries, services, government and other essential economic activities, and to rationalize the requirements for manpower, resources and production facilities.

1950 Defense Production Act gives the President sweeping powers over all aspects of the economy.

The National Defense Act of August 29, 1916 authorizes the Secretary of the Army, in time of war, to take possession of any transportation system for transporting troops, matériel, or any other purpose related to the emergency.

International Emergency Economic Powers Act enables the President to seize the property of a foreign country or national. These powers were transferred to FEMA in a sweeping consolidation in 1979.

"Understand, dear, that doesn't include the Military Commissions Act of 2006, the Department of Defense Appropriations Act of 2006 or the John Warner Defense Appropriation Act for Fiscal Year 2007. Using those three laws, the President can suspend Habeas Corpus and Posse Comitatus."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? I'm going to padlock the gates and stay in the backyard. You can bake bread on Saturdays."

"What do you want for supper?"

“It might be a good time for the chili and rice. I’m going to do my curl ups and take my walk around the block. If I’m not back 30 minutes after I leave, come looking.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I get tired just taking out the trash?”

o

I did, too. All those other preppers strongly advised getting in shape. I was finally taking their advice, even if the horses had already gotten out. Ron called and wanted to know if I planned to go to Barstow.

“Not just no, but hell no. They must have two-thirds of LA up there. They probably have troops four layers deep around the base.”

“How are you set?”

“On what?”

“Food.”

“We have enough. How about you?”

“We have enough for a couple of weeks.”

“What are you going to do after that, eat grass?”

“We can go to the store.”

“Right. I seriously doubt they have much food left. They only carry about a 3-day supply. If I were you, I’d go right now. Buy bread flour, our bread comes from LA.”

o

One of my favorite movies is *The Bedford Incident* where a very young James MacArthur launches an ASROC against a Russian sub. The movie ends with them waiting for the nuclear tipped Russian torpedo to arrive followed by a scene from of the Pacific nuclear tests. I was sitting there after Ron left wondering what we used against submarines these days. Depth charges and Hedgehogs didn’t really work and I couldn’t see them rolling cans off the back of an Arleigh Burke destroyer. The answer is ASROC, part of the VLS aboard all Aegis vessels. Some have conventional warheads and some have M-44 nuclear warheads.

o

“Hey, partner.”

“Hey yourself. Did you get to the store?”

“Yeah, but the choices were slim. Couldn’t find any bread flour until we went to Wal-Mart.”

“How much did you get?”

“Four 25-pound bags plus sugar, Crisco and a couple of jars of yeast. We also loaded up on beans and rice. How do you keep your house from exploding?”

“Beano. Did you get diced tomatoes, macaroni and ground beef? You use that and some onion flakes to make goulash.”

“We don’t have much room to store ground beef, but that’s ok because they were all but out of meat.”

“What, no tri-tips?”

“Not hardly. I told you they were almost out of meat.”

“What meat did you get?”

“Some ground chuck and several packages of bacon.”

“I’ll trade you 12% ground beef for bacon.”

“I may just take you up on that. They had plenty of dried onion, maybe I’ll go back and buy a couple of large containers.”

“If you can, get some beef and chicken gravy mixes, all you do is add water. You can always have bread and gravy. Say, did you try Costco?”

“No, why?”

“Well, they probably don’t have much left, but they have the large packages, especially of spices.”

“I’ll call you when we get back and we’ll figure out what we want to trade. Ciao.”

o

“We’re back.”

“How did you make out?”

“We got chili powder, dried onion, beef and chicken gravy mixes, 36-pounds of 12% ground beef, pancake flour, syrup, butter, beans, rice, coffee, tea, and two cases of canned chili.”

“Was it picked over?”

“Never saw the shelves so empty. There must be an inch of water on all of the roads, just getting there and back was a major problem. I’ve got to help Lyn get this food put away, Ciao.”

o

It had started raining. Here I am thinking I should have gotten that flood insurance and possibly built an Ark. We’ve had a drought for several years now and the ground was hard packed, forcing the water to mostly run off. It reminded me of the year we emigrated from the US to PRK, 1982. We moved in March and it rained for the first month we were here. Except, it didn’t stop raining. Forty days and forty-one nights. But it’s ok, Obama is going to save us, he got on TV and said so.

With the storm systems covering the entire country, Obama finally had an excuse to invoke some of those Executive Orders; the people still had to eat. He declared a National Emergency and activated the National Guards and the Military. I was sitting there in front of my computer re-reading a story when a Hummer pulled up. I’ll get back to that.

In the time of a National Emergency, if there isn’t an existing Executive Order ordering the seizure of firearms, it’s a good bet a Democrat in the White House would issue one and I wouldn’t put it past the Republicans. When the baby boomers grew up and we got involved in Vietnam, the character of our country changed for the worse. That began the slide into the morass where we find ourselves today.

Back to firearms seizure; they tried that in New Orleans after Katrina and the NRA got injunctions prohibiting enforcement of the orders. The NRA said: But since many disaster recovery teams operate under federal authority, we also brought this battle to Congress. And in a few short months, both chambers of Congress have voted overwhelmingly to adopt our policy. But with this campaign has surfaced coldly calculated election-year strategy, and it offers a cautionary lesson for pro-gun voters this November and beyond.

## Loose Ends – Chapter 2

*It's just a ball of dust  
Underneath my feet  
It rolls around the sun  
Doesn't mean that much to me*

*I take a chance on the edge of life  
Just like all the rest  
I look inside and dig it out  
Cause there's no points for second best*

*There's a raging fire in my heart tonight  
Growing higher and higher in my soul  
There's a raging fire in the sky tonight  
I want to ride on the silver dove  
Far into the night*

*[Chorus]  
Till I make you take me  
On your mighty wings  
Make you take me  
On your mighty wings across the sky  
Take me on your mighty wings  
Take me on your mighty wings tonight*

*With just a little luck  
A little cold blue steel  
I cut the night like a razor blade  
Till I feel the way I want to feel*

*There's a raging fire in my heart tonight  
Growing higher and higher in my soul  
There's a raging fire in the sky tonight  
I want to ride on the silver dove  
Far into the night*

*[Chorus]  
Till I make you take me  
On your mighty wings  
Make you take me  
On your mighty wings across the sky  
Take me on your mighty wings  
Take me on your mighty wings tonight*

*Take me on your mighty wings*

*Take me on your mighty wings*

o

In the House, the vote was straightforward.

HR 5013, the “Disaster Recovery Personal Protection Act” was introduced by Rep. Bobby Jindal, R-La., earlier this year. The bill was quickly adopted by the House leadership as part of its American Values Agenda, and was put to a vote on July 25. It passed by the broad, bipartisan margin of 322-99.

Two weeks before, the US Senate contemplated a similar measure as an amendment to the spending bill for the Department of Homeland Security. Sponsored by Sen. David Vitter, R-La., the amendment simply prohibited the expenditure of federal funds for the confiscation of firearms in times of emergency.

A spirited debate typical of the Senate ensued, with Sens. Vitter and Larry Craig, R-Idaho, speaking forcefully in the amendment’s favor. Three of our perpetual antagonists, Sens. Dick Durbin, D-Ill., Ted Kennedy, D-Mass., and Frank Lautenberg, D-N.J., orchestrated the blowhard opposition.

But when the votes were called, fully 84 of the Senate’s 100 members voted in favor, with only 16 voting against. This lopsided victory is not typical, but it illustrates cynical decisions based in pure politics.

About the Hummer – out gets my younger kid with a smile on his face. I made it to the door in record time.

“Hi Dad.”

“Hi. Come in, I’ll get you some coffee and we can visit.”

“Sorry, I don’t have the time. My unit was activated and we were sent here to deal with the refugees and make sure they get food.”

“So, did he suspend Habeas Corpus and Posse Comitatus?”

“Yep. Pull out your list of Executive Orders and figure they are just tip of the iceberg. By the way, don’t get caught with any firearms.”

“They can’t do that, Congress passed a law after Hurricane Katrina.”

“Be that as it may, the order has been issued. Do you need anything?”

“We couldn’t go to Barstow, I need a lot of things.”

“I may be able to get you some 7.62 but not much else.”

“How about an M-203, several cases of 40mm grenades plus some hand grenades and some C-4 and detonators?”

“I doubt it. Anyway, I’ve got to go, you take care.”

“Where will you be?”

“Ft. Irwin.”

“Doing what?”

“Military Police. Bye.”

He was good at that, that’s what they had him doing in Kosovo and Iraq. It wasn’t much of a visit, he was sort like Superman: *Faster than a speeding bullet. More powerful than a locomotive. Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Look! Up in the sky. It’s a bird. It’s a plane. It’s Superman! Yes, it’s Superman – strange visitor from another planet who came to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Superman – who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel in his bare hands, and who disguised as Clark Kent, mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, fights a never ending battle for Truth, Justice, and the American Way.*

I was mostly concentrating the faster than a speeding bullet part. Anyway, he was right; people, who said that they worked for Blackwater, showed up with the forms 4473 that covered my rifle and shotgun. I told them I sold the rifle and loaned the shotgun to a friend who took off with it. I tried to call him on his cell phone, but got his recording. I left a message telling him what happened and that we needed the stuff soon.

Derek bought the Taurus PT1911B and the AR-15; they’d be looking for him to seize those. I got ammo from Ammoman and had the 30-round magazines when we came home. I bought 25 and gave 5 to Ron. Which, I should point out used up his supply of .223 ammo, filling 10 30-round magazines for his SU-16.

Anyway, I got up the next day and found a pile of something on the front patio covered with a tarp. I got dressed, put on a raincoat and peeked under the tarp. I know what was in the wood crate without even opening it, you should too. There were cases of 7.62 ammo, 5.56 ammo, a carton with an M-203, two cases of M-433 HEDP 40mm rounds, two cases of M67 hand grenades and of course, the case of LAWs.

Another carton held those M-112 20 ounce sticks of C-4 and another detonators. There were also kits: The Charge, Assembly Demolition M183 Comp C-4 (DODIC M757) is used by assault demolition teams in general demolition operations such as reduction of small obstacles, cutting, breaching, and cratering. It is also effective against obstacles such as small dragon’s teeth approximately 3-feet high and 3-feet wide at the base. The

M183 Charge Assembly consists of 16 M112 Demolition Blocks and 4 M15 Priming Assemblies. Each M112 block is composed of 1¼ pounds of Composition C-4. The M15 Priming Assembly is a 5-foot length of detonating cord with two plastic M1 Clips and 2 RDX boosters attached. The boosters, which are about ¼” in diameter and 2-inches in length contain approximately 13.5 grains of RDX. The priming assembly has two M1 Detonating Cord Clips for fixing the M183 Charge to the main line. I had to look it up, I’d never heard of the M183 demolition kit. It appeared that the C-4 and detonators were leftovers from other kits.

So, we’re ready, let the fun begin. I kept doing laps, despite the rain, but left my firearms at home. When Ron came over, he was belly aching about the price of food, the price of gas, the unavailability of 5.56 ammo and a host of issues. I chilled him out with a case of 5.56 and 4 M67 hand grenades. He looked at them like they might bite. They will, after you remove the safety clip and pull the pin – in about 4.0 – 5.1 seconds.

He could complain all he wanted about the food because the only food available was the handouts the government was giving, expired MREs. I wonder how long those were sitting in Gonzales, TX before the government brought them to distribute? Shane Connor said he wouldn’t get anymore MREs or tray packs so he’s probably out. Sopakco and Wornick Company, the producers of MREs, don’t produce them for the civilian market, but they have substitutes. The country probably accumulated them when Obama brought home the troops.

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We were experiencing what could only be described as an abrupt climate change; the question was whether it was temporary or long term. Ninety percent of all rain falls on the oceans and with the global warming, the salinity of the oceans was changing, containing less salinity. That should stop the warming and this extended rain should take care of the droughts, provided it didn’t all run off.

Here I am only in chapter 2 and we’ve had two disasters, Obama getting elected and an asteroid strike. Fleataxi said it was a double whammy. However, he must not have considered the ramifications of the asteroid. Before, we had trouble growing food because there was too little water and now, there was too much.

Starving people have to eat and their governments, in order to remain in power, must supply the food. They treat the situation as their *casus belli* and attack a neighbor with more resources. In a generation when war has evolved from 3rd generation to 4th generation, you see something resembling what happened in Yugoslavia.

I told you about the wheat problems that cropped up (excuse the pun) in 2007. In Africa, they did what they always do, starved. The US couldn’t help as much because we had less wheat to export. Australia and we are major wheat exporters so you know that the rest of the world was mighty short on wheat. As a matter of perspective, one former wheat shortage led to the French Revolution, so you see it can be serious. You remem-



ber, when the people in the street cried for bread, Marie told them to eat cake. Or, how Jean Valjean was sent to prison for stealing a loaf of bread (*Les Misérables*).

o

If one counts the wheat shortage that make three disasters: poor wheat crop; Obama elected; and, the asteroid strike. Somehow I get the feeling that's not the end of it, people are hungry and that is likely to lead to a war. I was about as ready as one man could be, we had food, weapons, ammo, some gasoline and I had a very bad attitude. One other piece of bad news – they grow dry beans in many of the same locations where they grow wheat.

The top dry bean producing states in 2002-04 were:

- North Dakota – 33 percent
- Michigan – 15 percent
- Nebraska – 13 percent
- Minnesota – 8 percent
- Idaho – 7 percent
- California – 6 percent
- Colorado – 5 percent

Hopefully, we'll get past most of the current disasters before we get another. Have you noticed that over the past ten years, we've been engaged in another arms race? In case you forgot, an arms race was what primarily lead to WW I. Russia has their oil and gas money and can finally rebuild their military. Never mind that some of their fighter aircraft are some of the best in the world, they're now building new submarines and aircraft carriers. Worse, they're working on stealth aircraft. They sell their old stuff to other countries, arming them, and then build more of the newer good stuff. Another major power, China, is building faster than the Russians and have been at it longer. They buy stuff from Russia and either copy it, improve it, or both.

Obama pulling us out of Afghanistan and Iraq is going to turn around and bite us on the butt, you know that, right? These days the majority of people in Iraq are from Turkey, Iran or Syria. The US, on the other hand, is mostly citizens of the US of A. What happened? You get two choices, amnesty for the illegals or enforcement of our laws... finally. When he realized she didn't have enough food to feed the citizens, he was caught between the rock and hard spot. Plus, he had to pay the Army anyway, so he exported all illegal aliens, an act no one expected from him.

He pulled the Corps of Engineers off rebuilding New Orleans and got them to build the border fence. When they finished Mexico, they started on our longer border with Canada. Maybe that should cancel one of the disasters, but we lost all of our cheap labor and he invoked EO 11000, work brigades. We were missed only because we didn't have to evacuate. However, he also activated EO 10999, food seizures. I got some help and we buried it in the backyard, covered with layers of plywood and soil.

o

No, I didn't bury my guns with the food, I'd need them if they figured out where we buried the food. And, it stopped raining so our oatmeal wouldn't become mush. About 95% of the food had been repacked in plastic tubs or seal-a-meal bags. The only solution to preserving our meat was to bury the freezer in the same hole. It's going to be pretty hard to get it out when the food crisis was over, plus I hated climbing ladders. We'd probably uncover it only when we ran out of something, and then restock.

Worse, the internet was still down. According to the phone company, it had something to do with the seawater getting into some switches that they couldn't find replacements for. Undeterred, I tried Time-Warner, our second internet source in the AV. "Sorry," they said, "Our system goes through LA too." Getting desperate, I tried the company I used before I got DSL only to learn that they'd gone out of business.

I wasn't going to subscribe to a paper, the AV News didn't have much national news and the LA Times wasn't publishing. TV news was all we had and our cable service depended on satellite feeds, so most of the channels were still on. However, the news wasn't encouraging. There were food riots and people had been arrested for hoarding food. I went to the backyard just to confirm that the storage hole was well disguised.

I don't know how anyone expects you to just have three days of food on hand; do you realize how little that is? The grandchildren had 4 boxes of cereal because they liked different flavors on different days. Three days of food is: six boxes of macaroni and cheese, three cans of vegetables, one box of cereal, a loaf of bread, a can of Spam for cold cuts and three packages of instant milk.

Having finally gotten involved in preparing, we had lots of food stored; it took up half the garage when we had it stored inside. Having found that storage tip on flour, she kept buying 25-pound bags and a pair of plastic containers every time she could. We'd divide it, add an oxygen absorber and freeze it four days then add it to the shelf. Baking bread would use about 5-pounds per batch and a 25-pound bag only represented a five week supply. One year of bread flour was, obviously, 250-pounds. I tried to get her to buy a Country Living Grain Mill, but she said as long as we could get flour, why bother? When I pointed out that wheat stored forever; she pretended not to hear me.

I thought about the other food and we'd need a pound each of beans and rice per day and at least one can of vegetables. That is 365 pounds each of beans and rice and 16 cases of vegetables, assuming 24 cans to the case. We had ground beef, Spam, ham, canned beef and chicken plus tuna so we have something to eat and this couldn't go on forever.

Both Ron and I were starting to get seriously worried about the possibility of war. In the best of times, China didn't have a lot of excess food. With the cold spell that gripped the planet, Russia wasn't able to grow as much food as they needed. The US, which is

called the breadbasket of the world was barely getting by and I could only imagine this is what it was like during WW II, when food was rationed. It wouldn't be the first time that someone used the starving masses as a justification for war. US-Russian relations have hit a new post-Cold War low with Russian President Vladimir Putin speaking out against US policies on several contentious issues – the Iranian nuclear conflict, the US missile defense system in Eastern Europe and the unresolved status of Kosovo, to name just a few.

The exact conduct of war will depend to a great extent upon its objectives, which may include factors such as the seizure of territory, the annihilation of a rival state, the destruction of the enemy's ability to prosecute military action, the subjugation of another people or recognition of one's own people as a separate state, or genocide. Typically any military action by one state is opposed, i.e. is countered by the military forces of one or more states. Therefore, the ultimate objective of each state becomes secondary to the immediate objective of removing or nullification of the resistance offered by the opposing military forces. This may be accomplished variously by out-maneuvering them, by destroying them in open battle, by causing them to desert or surrender, or to be destroyed by indirect action such as pestilence and starvation.

Please don't mistake *justification for war* with *just war*. A *just war* or *Jus ad bellum* occurs when certain criteria are meant, while *Jus in bello* is law concerning acceptable practices while engaged in war. *Justification for war* can be any excuse you use – like terrorists hijacking 4 planes and crashing them into buildings (only an example). Germany needed oil but they claimed to be restoring the fatherland. The same applied to the Japanese, who imported everything they used. They attacked the US because they were afraid we'd intercede in their conquest of Asia.

Which allows me to introduce *Jus in bello*, something the Japanese hadn't considered. If they did, they used the laws of war as a shopping list of things to do, not to avoid. We never got our missile shield in Europe, either. The excuse George used to erect it was too flimsy. The Israelis would never let Iran get the bomb. Never mind they could launch 11,000 missiles in one minute that would use up most of their supply.

"You do know, don't you, that if they attack to get food, they won't use nuclear weapons. That would be counter purpose, Gar-Bear, they'd destroy what food we have left."

"Excluding Mexico, the mainland hasn't been invaded since the war of 1812. During the War of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States, British troops occupied parts of mainland America, with the most well-known incident of the conflict being the burning of Washington – including the White House itself – in 1814. Also, several Alaskan islands were occupied by the Japanese for part of the Second World War. Where do you think they would attack?"

"Probably the west coast, the government moved all the people inland."

"Crap."

“What’s wrong?”

“Those people? They moved them east of us. That would put us on the front lines.”

“Nah, the military will move to the coast to defend us.”

“More likely, Obama will surrender.”

“You’d better start packing, if they show up, we’re moving.”

“Right, I can just see your car stacked two layers deep with food you’re not supposed to have. I’m going to stay, it doesn’t make much sense to move and lose the food we have stored.”

“You’re going to get your butt shot off.”

“Not likely, I don’t plan to expose that side of me to any darned invaders. Anyway, I have an M14, AR15, shotgun, .45 and a .22 rifle and lots of ammo. I’m not going out without a fight.”

“Yeah, they’ll fire an RPG-7 at you and you’ll be a goner.”

“Hey, two can play at that game.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I’d rather not say, but do you know what an RPG-18 is?”

“A rocket propelled grenade?”

“Right. And, it’s a copy of what?”

“I don’t know, but I’m sure you’re going to tell me.”

“M-72 LAW. Of course, I don’t have any but I don’t have an AR-15 either or a PT-1911.”

“What do you use for a shopping list?”

“The California law. I don’t want anything they permit.”

“I suppose you have a .50 caliber rifle too?”

“I wish. I’d love to own a M82A1M and have about 5,000 rounds of .50 caliber ammo, some Barrett and some Raufoss.”

“Yeah you probably want some rifle grenades too.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised. If you knew what I’d come up with, you probably wet your pants.”

“Oh right, you have an M-203 to attached to your AR-15 and two cases of 40mm grenades.”

“Nah, that would be illegal. You know me, I wouldn’t break the law.”

“Why don’t you have a .50 caliber rifle?”

“Can’t afford one. If I can talk my kid into borrowing an M82A3 (M82A1M) and get me some of the ammo, that might be different.”

“What’s the A3?”

“The Marine Corps version.”

“How is it different from the Army version?”

“The latest derivative of the M82 family is the M82A1M rifle, adopted by USMC as the M82A3 SASR and bought in large numbers. This rifle differs from M82A1 in that it has a full length Picatinny rail that allows a wide variety of scopes and sighting devices to be mounted on the rifle. Other changes are the addition of a rear monopod, slightly lightened mechanism, detachable bipod and muzzle brake.”

“Same price?”

“Yeah, about eight grand plus a scope and ammo.”

“But the ammo is cheap, right?”

“Raufoss is \$7.50 a round and totally illegal – each round constitutes an explosive; ball ammo is \$4.35 a round and illegal in the PRK.”

“What’s keeping you from getting one? The money? If I had your money, I’d burn mine.”

“We’re on a limited, fixed income, Ronald.”

“You seemed to have a fair amount of money recently.”

“That’s an illusion, we refinanced the house, again.”

“Our house loan is the same amount it has always been. Every time we get it paid down a little, something comes up; usually Kevin.”

“Our Kevin is named Amy. She doesn’t to seem to have any problem spending our money.”

“Why do you have 3 rifles and a shotgun? You do know that you can only shoot one at a time, don’t you?”

“The M1A and shotgun are mine. The AR-15 is for Amy and the .22 for Sharon. That’s not much in the way of a caliber; but, those hyper-velocity bullets must hurt like hell. I have no respect for the AR-15 because the cartridge is under powered. Of course at high velocity, it isn’t half bad. Unfortunately, the government keeps shortening the barrels and reducing the velocity.”

“I like mine.”

“Of course, you have 22” or 24” barrels on bolt action rifles. The .223 isn’t half bad in those rifles. Did I give you more ammo, I forget?”

“You gave me a case, do you have more?”

“Only if you run out.”

“If I run out, I’m not likely to need any more.”

“One case be enough?”

“It’s what I have, that case you gave me. That ammo surplus? It had the government markings on the case.”

“Sort of, yes.”

“Either it is or it isn’t.”

“It wasn’t, but it is now.”

“Oh, I get it, that boy of yours left you a Christmas present.”

“Not tonight you don’t.”

“Huh?”

“Just a line out of *Heartbreak Ridge*. You know the movie where I learned to *improvise, adapt and overcome*.”

### Loose Ends – Chapter 3

*Watching every motion  
In my foolish lover's game  
On this endless ocean  
Finally lovers know no shame  
Turning and returning  
To some secret place inside  
Watching in slow motion  
As you turn around and say*

*Take my breath away  
Take my breath away*

*Watching I keep waiting  
Still anticipating love  
Never hesitating  
To become the fated ones  
Turning and returning  
To some secret place to hide  
Watching in slow motion  
As you turn to me and say*

*Take my breath away  
Take my breath away*

*Through the hourglass I saw you  
In time you slipped away  
When the mirror crashed I called you  
And turned to hear you say  
If only for today  
I am unafraid*

*Take my breath away  
Take my breath away*

*Watching every motion  
In this foolish lover's game  
Haunted by the notion  
Somewhere there's a love in flames  
Turning and returning  
To some secret place inside  
Watching in slow motion  
As you turn my way and say*

*Take my breath away*

*Take my breath away*

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“I thought you said that we didn’t send any Marines to Grenada.”

“I was wrong, we sent Rangers, Marines, Airborne, SEALs and Delta Force.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Grenada.”

IceAgeNow.com – 10-23-2007

Recently, I said “we’ll be fighting in the streets for food long before we’re buried in ice.”

I say the same thing in my book *Not by Fire but by Ice*.

I just received an email from a reader that sums it up better than I did...

“I spent about thirty years working in commercial agribusiness. My main job was to purchase ingredients, mainly grain, for flour mills and animal feed mills. As a part of my job, I was forced to understand the US food supply system, its strengths and weaknesses. Over the years, I became aware of some things that nearly all Americans are completely unaware of. I am going to make a list of statements and then you will see where I’m going.

— 1% of the US population grows all of the food for all Americans.

— Nearly all Americans know essentially nothing about where the food they eat every day comes from. How it gets from the ground to them. And they don’t want to know about it. It’s cheap, as close as their local store, and of high quality. So no worries.

— The bulk of the food we eat comes from grain. Although they raise a lot of fruits and vegetables in California, Arizona, Florida, Oregon and Washington, those things don’t compose the main part of the average diet. Half of what a meat animal is raised on is grain so when you eat meat you are really eating grain. And, of course, we eat grain directly as bread, bagels, doughnuts, pasta, etc. Milk (and milk products like cheese) comes from cows that eat grain. A lot of grain. And the grain they eat is not produced where the cows are located.

— The lion’s share of grain produced in the US is done in a concentrated part of the US Midwest (Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri is the center of this area). The grain is moved to the coasts (where 70% of the population lives) by only TWO (2) railroads.

— Nothing is stored for very long in a supermarket. One day grain travels (by rail) from



Kansas to Seattle to a flour mill. The next day the flour mill makes the flour and sends it to a bakery. The next day the bakery makes it into bread (and other baked things) and the next day it is at the store where it is purchased that day. Nobody stores anything. The grain is produced and stored in the Midwest and shipped daily in a single railroad pipeline to the rest of America where the people live.

— Up until the 1980s there was a system that stored a lot of grain in elevators around the country. At one time, a whole year's harvest of grain was stored that way. But since taxpayers were paying to store it, certain urban politicians engineered the movement of that money from providing a safety net or backup for their own food supply in order to give the money to various other social welfare things. So now, nothing is stored. We produce what we consume each year and store practically none of it. There is no contingency plan.

Now for my (his) take on what this means for us and what it has to do with the topic you are publicizing.

— If a drought such as has lingered over other parts of the US where little grain is grown were to move over the grain-producing states in the Midwest where few people live, it would seriously damage the food supply of the country and the apples of Washington, the lettuce of California, the grapefruit of Florida and the peanuts of Georgia won't make up the difference because grain is the staff of life and most of it is grown in the Midwest.

— Americans are armed to the teeth. In LA people burned down their own neighborhoods to protest a court case.

— In order for riots to break out the whole food supply doesn't have to be wiped out. It just has to be threatened sufficiently. When people realize their vulnerability and the fact that there is no short term solution to a severe enough drought in the Midwest they will have no clue as to what they should do. Other nations can't make up the difference because no other nation has a surplus of grain in good times let alone in times when they are having droughts and floods also. It takes two or three months to raise grain, yet people have to eat usually at least once a day, usually more than that.

— So, basically, we have in place a recipe for a disaster that will dwarf any other localized disasters imaginable. The important thing to note is that there is no solution for this event. There is no contingency plan for this. People living in certain parts of the US will fare better than others (which is another story) but those who live in big cities, where most of the US population live, are done for.

Anyway, I have no agenda of my own concerning this. I just thought I'd share it with someone who appears to have an idea of what might likely cause this scenario to occur. The only people who know about this are those who are involved in the production and distribution of the food supply and there are very, very few of them number-wise. And most of them haven't put two and two together yet, either.

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As you can see by the date, that's an old article, but the point shouldn't be lost on you. It wouldn't take much to cut off the food supply; say, something like an asteroid striking the Pacific just north of Baker Island. We could go from drought to too much rain in a heartbeat. When the ground is seriously dried out, it won't absorb much water; it mainly runs off.

So, for the sake of illustration, say you took the warnings seriously and stocked up on food. How much? Again, for the sake of illustration, use the Mormon philosophy of having a one year supply of food. You know how much you need, I told you earlier. However, if you have children and grandchildren, you'd better include them. When I asked my friend how much food he had, he said if it was just his wife and him, maybe a year. However they have 7 children and 11 grandchildren and probably more grandchildren on the way because two of his boys haven't married yet.

Food is expensive and getting worse every day. If your wages adjust upward, that isn't a terrible problem, but what about those on a fixed income? There was a time when the average American spent less than 20% of his/her income on food. Overall, we spend less on food than nearly every developed country, in the world. Overall, the percentage of disposable income spent on food has dropped. However, there are two groups of people and their spending is different. One group spends about \$4 a day per capita and the other nearly \$6. Guess which group are the poor/people on fixed incomes? Hint: I could eat two days on \$6.

Which brings me to the next question. If the President invokes EO 10999 and tries to grab the food you put up, what are you going to do? Turn it in and be a good citizen or bury it in your backyard? If you turn it in, they'll probably give expired MREs to the refugees and feed the military with your food. Or, worst, Congress. Which is a nice way to get back to talking about guns. If you're going to break the law by having a PT1911 and 20-round magazines for your M1A; worse, if you're going to have one of those evil pool shooter – an AR-15 with 30-round magazines – why not go all the way and do something really illegal like having explosives, grenades, LAW rockets and 40mm grenades?

It's a slippery slope and once you take the first step, you might as well go whole hog. The ultimate weapon, to some, is the Thompson submachine gun and I know where to find one. Sort of. LAPD has one tucked away somewhere in the wreckage. I have 1,500 rounds of .45ACP, so why not? Given the choice between the M82 and the M1928, the M82 wins because they're not against the federal law. And maybe they have some ammo at MCLB, Barstow. The Marines used the M1928A1, maybe they have some up there; I'll have to ask.

So we know if is not a question and the when is Winter Solstice, 2012. I think I better stick with my usual prediction, World War III. Considering Ron's earlier observation, it

might be nuclear, but I wouldn't hold my breath. Food processors use radiation to preserve food, so maybe whoever may try it. With that in mind, I wanted to go to LA to pick up my Thompson and called Ron for a ride. I can't reprint his reply here, but it amounted to "no, they have roadblocks up." Sour grapes would be, "well, it's probably rusted anyway."

Plan B. "Son, do you think you could find me a M82A3?"

"A .50 caliber rifle? I really don't see how, but I will check around."

"If you find one, I need about 10 cans of Mk 211 MP, Raufoss. And, if you can find it about 20 cases of Barrett ball ammo. Plus, about 9 or 10 extra magazines."

"You planning on starting a war?"

"It occurred to me that either I'll have to fight the government to keep our food or the Russians when they invade. Either way I don't want anyone to get close enough to mess with our family."

"I figured you'd go down to LA and get that Thompson that LAPD has."

"Ron wouldn't take me."

"You want a Thompson while I'm at it?"

"I thought the Marines Corps disposed of their M1928A1s."

"They kept a few, primarily for display purposes."

"Do they still work?"

"The Gunny said they did. They don't have any 100-round drums, just a few 50-round and a number of stick magazines. They had an FBI case that holds one drum and 4 sticks. Do you have enough ammo?"

"You can NEVER have too much ammo. I have 1,000-rounds of ball and 500-rounds of Gold Dot."

"I'll see if they have any, they retired most of the .45s over 20 years ago. But, most Special Forces Operators use .45s, so maybe they still have some. If I can get the Thompson, I'll get you extra 30 round magazines. Do you know how to use a Thompson?"

"I saw it on the History Channel's *Tales of the Gun*. The front switch is the fire selector and the rear switch is the safety. Beyond that, you just point and shoot. It shoots from an open bolt."

It would probably be hard to load the drum magazine and since they tended to jam, I'd probably load it, but save it for last. Assuming, of course, he found me a Thompson and was able to get the things I wanted. As I said, given the choice, the M82 wins. Why would an upper middle aged man who was in terrible condition want something like a M82 that weighs 33-pounds? Why not? I only want it for a while and it beats a sharp stick in the eye. It would really frost Obama's butt if he thought there was someone out there who's slogan was *600 yards* and they had one of those .50 caliber Assault Rifles. However, nobody complained when I killed Bill in *al Qaida*. That began a long string of killing Presidents and Geraldo, in my stories. I sort of lost count, but I'd done in about 20 plus *Leaders of the Free World* and Geraldo looks like a sieve. I'd done in Bill in *al Qaida* with a rigged rifle that exploded in his hands.

Time to change the channel. Have you seen the Chevron ad that claims they're the largest producer of geothermal power in the world? Thing is, they are: on 19Aug05, Chevron merged with the Unocal Corporation, a move which, because of Unocal's large South East Asian geothermal operations, made Chevron the largest producer of geothermal energy in the world. Besides that: the United States is the country with the greatest geothermal energy production, mostly in the PRK.

About two weeks later, there was another tarp on the front patio. No, we're not taking weapons, we're taking tarps! I had everything I asked for and even 10,000-rounds of .45ACP ball. There were 1,800 rounds of Barrett and 1,200 rounds of Raufoss. If I get caught, I'm subject to a maximum sentence of 12,000 years, just for that Raufoss ammo. Oh well, it won't really be that long; they probably won't have my medicine and I'll go in a month.

Ron and I finally took a trip looking for food. Most of the stores we came to had been totally ransacked. We looked anyway, you never know what some people miss. Most of the stores out here sell pinto beans in bulk and they refill their shelves from 100 pound bags of beans. I found one but it was too heavy to pick up. He said he would help me for half of the beans. People passed by many things and if we weren't fussy what we ate, there was more than enough food. I'm surprised that Blackwater didn't grab it.

Because FEMA evacuated people far to the east, we were able to take the Angeles Forest Highway and hit some of the stores located in the higher elevations like La-Cañada-Flintridge. It wasn't much, but every bit we found helped extend our food supply. After a while, Ron got uneasy and said we had to go, he didn't want to be out after dark. I don't know why, we weren't under a curfew. We made it back to our house, divided what we'd found and he went home. I gave him 10 gallons of gas for his trouble because by now, none of the stations had gas.

As far as protecting what we had, I was probably equipped better than a squad of Marines. Recognizing that I knew squat about the AR-15 and the M-203, I gave them to Lance to use. He said I was missing a part, the sights for the grenade launcher. I let Derek know what I needed and told him, *no rush*. He responded that I should look in the

box, everything I needed was there. I found it, gave it to Lance and he installed it. I talked to Dick about the M82 and he was reticent, saying he thought the recoil would be too heavy. I'll tell you what was heavy, the rifle and the ammo. Each loaded magazine went about 3½-pounds and the rifle about 34-35-pounds including the scope. It wasn't like I could contact Barrett, order a soft mount and add it to my wheelchair.

BTW, if you're planning on shipping a gun to a friend, keep in mind that UPS X-Rays all packages and you won't get away with it, even if the gun is dismantled into its component parts. If you get lucky, the shipper may get the firearm back and not be prosecuted. Some lessons only get learned the hard way. Take it from someone who knows.

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Only the west coast was affected by the tsunami, but it was too good of an opportunity for Obama to pass on and his edicts applied to the entire country. Even Dubya hadn't been so bold, except for the USA Patriot Act and a half-dozen other laws that began to eliminate the Bill of Rights; all in the name of protecting the American people. I'm not comparing, but that sounds more like something Hitler did. This isn't the same country I was born in and hasn't been since the Hippies took over in the '60s. Stop and think for a moment where most of the Hippies were during the 60s (Berkeley and San Francisco) and see if you don't agree. The same Hippies became politicians and passed laws outlawing guns.

Even though Ron and I had been spared work details because we hadn't evacuated (and were too old and infirm to do much if we were) the only difference between his attitude and mine is – he's more conservative. But, he hasn't really liked to do anything illegal since he got sober. Thus, the only way he had 30-round magazines for his SU-16 was that I provided them to him. I'll bet that they're still in their boxes; loaded, maybe, but still in their boxes. He probably buried those hand grenades in his garden.

Dick hemmed and hawed and wouldn't take the M82. When I suggested that Chris take the shotgun, I was informed he neither wanted nor needed it. Imagine my surprise when Ron showed up a few days later with SU-16 and the loaded magazines. He was even carrying a shoulder bag containing the grenades.

"I didn't think I would see you, what changed?"

"I got to thinking and decided if we didn't do something, no one would. Do you have any idea how to approach this?"

"That depends on what we want to do. We have a couple of sniper rifles and can try that approach. I don't believe that would work, neither one of us has any sniper training. We have some explosives and if we knew how to use them, we could go that route. Do you know anything about explosives?"

"Just that they go boom."

“I tried to get some kind of force organized in the tract using my friends, but only Lance is in; Dick was afraid of the M82 and Chris doesn’t like guns. However, we have the M82, M1A and an AR-15 with a grenade launcher. We also have two types of grenades. Derek is up at Ft. Irwin and may be able to get us a few more things in addition to what we have. We have to be careful on this one, the military isn’t particularly generous. Besides this isn’t a combat zone so they aren’t passing out much beyond pistols and M16s.”

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The dearth of international news from the media should have warned us that something was coming. Instead, they were carrying human interest pieces about how well the government was doing aiding the evacuees, with an emphasis on how much better Obama was doing than George did. There were favorable comments about his disarming the populace in the disaster area, in order to better maintain law and order. If you believed them, he was an angel. Meanwhile, I’m thinking of the first 3½ years of the anti-Christ, when everyone likes him/her. It seems that everyone, including me, was wrong.

Not only had Obama pulled our troops out of Afghanistan and Iraq, he brought them home from Korea, before the emergency. In a way, it was a good thing; we had plenty of troops to maintain law and order. In a way, it was a bad thing, if you recall how incompetent the CIA had become. Both Afghanistan and Iraq had exploded into civil wars the minute we left. Pakistan was helping the Taliban and Iran was helping the Iraqi Shi’a. Israel was on a high state of alert. The dispute in the Kashmir had re-ignited and Pakistan and India were threatening each other. American reporters were worried because both nations had nuclear weapons. They weren’t talking about Russia.

The current government, led by former KGB official Vladimir Putin, is very popular. Former KGB officers predominate, and they are well educated and capable. The KGB was always the place to be, in the old Soviet Union, if you were bright, ambitious and not troubled with an overactive conscience. Putin’s people have the economy going (at six percent, Russia has one of the lowest unemployment rates in Europe), cracked down (but certainly not eliminated) on the lawlessness and corruption, and played to the popular affection for *restoring Russia’s place in the world* (becoming a superpower again.)

Russia can’t become a superpower again because its population is shrinking (low birth rate, like the rest of Russia), and all those nuclear weapons are great for defending the country, but you need non-nuclear forces to throw your weight around. Since the end of the Cold War in 1991, Russia has lost over 90 percent of its combat power. It was disarmament by starvation (massive cuts in the defense budget) and neglect (the military leadership tried to hold on to more equipment than they could afford to maintain or operate, making the situation worse.) Digging out of the hole is going to cost a few hundred billion dollars and over a decade of effort. The government has increased the annual defense budget to \$38 billion, and promised to spend \$222 billion over the next

eight years to rebuild the conventional forces. It takes time to rebuild fleets and armies.

The quickest things to fix are aircraft, and long range bombers, especially the Tu-95s, are being refurbished, upgraded, and kept in the air over international waters a lot. This is mainly a PR exercise for domestic consumption. What also plays to the crowd is *resisting NATO*. The Cold War enemy is seen as surrounding Russia. The American anti-missile systems being built in Eastern Europe, to block Iranian missiles from blackmailing Europe, are depicted as an attempt to stop Russian missiles. This appears absurd in the West, but makes perfect sense to most Russians. They are out to get us, is what most Russians think. Decades of Soviet propaganda about foreign plots to destroy Russia, enhanced by the widespread destruction of World War II, have left their mark.

What worries the West the most is that Russian democracy has been modified to suit local tastes. That means a concentration of power. This scares most other democracies, because it makes it easier for the supreme leader to do something rash. Without a separation of powers (executive, legislature and courts balancing each other), the top guy can easily start trouble the country cannot afford. But most Russians prefer this concentration of power. Old customs die hard.

Russians see themselves as victims, having been swindled out of their former wealth, glory and real estate by foreign plotters and exploiters. All this seems irrational to Westerners, but it means something to many Russians, although often at a subconscious level. This leads to an anything goes attitude towards foreigners. That explains Russian refusal to crack down on Russian hackers who are plundering Western businesses via the Internet. It also explains Russia's casual use of energy embargoes against countries (usually weaker ones that cannot retaliate economically). Europe is a major customer for Russian natural gas, and gets this message loud and clear.

Meanwhile, there's still a war at home. Islamic terrorists continue to stir things up in the Caucasus. A few days ago, a female suicide bomber blew herself up in a bus in Dagestan, killing herself and wounding five others. That indicates a poorly constructed bomb vest, and the fact that the most capable Islamic radicals have been killed or captured. But the spirit is still alive, especially in areas adjacent to Chechnya. Russia is using a carrot and stick approach to this. Security forces have been increased in the Caucasus and much support has been given to Iran. Selling weapons and nuclear energy technology to Iran is important, and vigorously supporting Iran's right to be well armed and in possession of nuclear technology, insures that Iran does not support Islamic terrorism inside Russia. Iran is a major player in providing that support, although Iran is very discreet about it. But not so discreet that the Russians haven't noticed.

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Islam was taking on the entire non-Islam world and that included Russia. However, the Russians still saw us as the greatest threat even though the missile shield hadn't been erected in Eastern Europe. When they concluded that Obama didn't have the stones to launch nukes, it gave them the opportunity for an unopposed first strike. Although we

generally have 7 boomers sailing at any given time, they can't release the missiles without Presidential authority. Those Permissive Action Links are intended to prevent some nut from starting World War III. However, what if National Command Authority hesitates or communications are brought down? Think no PAL Codes, no retaliation. And, when you have a limited number of warheads, why waste them on cities already destroyed by a tsunami?

It didn't happen like in the movies, we didn't have a launch on warning; instead, one by one, our satellites began to fail – drop off the screen if you prefer. China has demonstrated the capacity to destroy satellites and Russia has had it for some time. Those satellites constituted our Maginot Line in the sky. Here, let me share with you what one other commentator had to say:

AFTER the carnage of the First World War, France responded to the horrors of trench warfare by building the ultimate trenches – the infamous Maginot Line, a system of almost 5,000 individual fortifications arrayed along hundreds of miles of front to a depth of 20 miles.

Only the Great Wall of China was longer – and the Maginot Line was vastly more complex. A marvel of military engineering, the problem was that it required an enemy who played by French rules.

What happened? Paris poured so much money and effort into its network of fortresses that the generals couldn't believe it wouldn't work – the Germans would simply have to behave as required.

The Germans didn't. France fell.

Now the United States sits in imagined security behind its own array of crucial strategic assets – our network of satellites.

Beat our satellites, beat us.

The Chinese know it. The Russians know it. And religious fanatics are bound to figure it out.



## Loose Ends – Chapter 4

*Turn around to see you  
In a crowded place  
I watch for the emotions  
On a guarded face  
Saying lead me on*

*Victim of a dream  
And a memory  
But when I try to break free  
You say to me  
C'mon lead me on*

*A matter out of time  
In the reaches of space  
Caught up in the patterns  
In the light of a life  
Walk across the bridge  
To the shadows of the night*

*[Chorus]  
Saying lead me on  
Lead me on  
Lead me on  
On and on*

*Voices in the night  
Chase the demons away  
Looking in the mirror  
It's easy to say  
C'mon lead me on*

*The choices of a lifetime  
In the dreams of a day  
When the coast is gettin' clearer  
I hear you say  
Lead me on*

*A matter out of time  
In the look on your face  
Caught up in the patterns  
In the light of a life  
Walk across the bridge  
To the shadows of the night*

*[Chorus]*

*Talk to me of lightning – I'll hear what you say, my love  
Reaching for the meaning all of the way  
I can keep believing in you and me, my love  
Finding the answers that we need –  
sometimes it's meant to be*

*Turn around to see you  
In a crowded place  
I watch for the emotions  
As they cross your face  
Saying lead me on*

*I see you in a dream  
And a memory  
A captive of the light  
You say to me  
Lead me on*

o

The Chinese are developing the capability to attack our satellite network; the Russians already have it – and terrorists would love to get it.

Over the years, a number of analysts, such as Lt.-Col. John A. Gentry (ret.) and Prof. William A. Wulf, have tried to raise the alarm about aspects of our high-tech Maginot Line – but the warnings never really stuck.

The ultimate vulnerability would come from a globe-spanning war with a power like China. Beijing has no intention of speeding out of its harbors to provide pop-up targets for the US Navy. The Chinese are developing asymmetrical means to fight us on the broadest possible front - not least, striking our homeland in innovative ways.

Beijing has already tested an anti-satellite weapon, and it's honing its cyber-attack skills to interfere with satellite transmissions and data processing.

What happens if we lose key links in our satellite system? We lose our strategic early-warning capability. We lose our ability to track enemy movements. We lose our ability to communicate, from the dirty-boots level to the National Command Authority.

The Global Positioning System goes away. Most of our hyper-expensive weapons systems can't hit their targets – we lose the precision-guided bombs and cruise missiles without which the Air Force and Navy can no longer fight.

And that's just the military side of things. Try daily life without satellite communications.

The Pentagon's aware of this threat – but, like the interwar French military establishment, refuses to treat it with adequate seriousness: We've spent so much money on weapons and support systems that rely on satellites that we just say no when it comes to contemplating a war in which the crucial link in our arsenal goes away. And satellites are the crucial link. Digitized information is to sophisticated 21st-century militaries what petroleum was to the armies of the last century. Turn off the tap, and the war machine grinds to a halt.

Despite some classified programs underway, we're basically counting on our enemies to play nice and leave our satellites unmolested. Well, good luck. Nor do those \$100,000-a-page ads that defense contractors run in the print media (ultimately billed to you, the taxpayer) ever explain that the *Network-centric Warfare* they tout fades to black if the satellites go down.

And they're going to go down - unless we get serious, fast.

There are three basic ways to attack our satellite network: physical destruction or impairment of the satellites themselves, jamming the communications links and cyber-attacks on the support and user networks (the latter would range from simply taking down sites to entering them and corrupting data – perhaps to the point of retargeting our weapons).

The Chinese and the Russians are working on all three approaches – counting on the synergies achieved to devastate our war fighting capabilities.

What are we doing about it? Buying more systems that rely on satellites to function. We're so determined to lock this threat in the closet that we haven't even worked out the legal ramifications of an attack, physical or cyber, on our satellite networks. It might seem obvious to you and me that if a foreign power shot down or crippled one of our satellites, it would be an act of war.

But plenty of lawyers today would argue that space isn't US territory and that such an attack falls into a gray area. Nonsense. The obvious legal precedent is the venerable rule that an attack on a US-flagged ship on the high seas constitutes an act of war. But the primary purpose of lawyers today – including some in uniform – seems to be to argue the enemy's case.

What do we need to do? Three things:

- The president and Congress must publish a far-more-explicit "Satellite Security Doctrine" that makes it clear that a surprise attack on the US defense satellite network will be treated not only as an act of war but also as a war crime – and that our response will be swift, asymmetrical and disproportionate.
- We need to concentrate far more defense dollars on protecting our satellites, rather than on fighter aircraft with no one to fight or the Rube Goldberg missile-defense system

that we're determined to foist on the Poles and Czechs (and which relies on satellite communications).

- We need to declare a moratorium on the purchase of new military systems that depend on satellite links – until we can guarantee that those links will be preserved in war-time.

This issue is second in importance only to the nuclear threat at the height of the Cold War. Just as the French built their entire national defense around a single system, we're constructing the most complex and expensive military in history in a manner that relies on one vulnerable asset - the satellite.

If you were America's enemy, would you charge out to take on our tanks, warships and aircraft?

Or would you rather paralyze them all?

◦

Thinking back now, I have to give Obama credit, when Space Command notified him that it appeared that someone was taking down our satellites, he told them to figure out who, and quick. Our forces were ordered to DEFCON 2 and you know what that means. Space Command came back shortly thereafter, Chinese and Russian satellites they'd been tracking were responsible. Space Command reactivated allegedly dead satellites and soon informed him that both China and Russia were launching, in a concerted fashion. He and SECDEF issued the nuclear weapons release and the PAL Codes. One of the first weapons to hit took out Washington and another Edwards Air Force Base. This put around 20 million people in the path of the fallout. It also improved our ability to salvage/survive. Derek wasn't at Ft. Irwin, he was in Palmdale on his day off, the first in a long time.

"Oh, oh."

"Now what, La Palma fall off into the ocean? We had our meteor strike, it has to be something else. Yellowstone?"

"Wait, someone is coming on."

"NORAD has detected a massive launch of weapons from China and Russia. We are retaliating, but you should seek cover."

"You never built a bomb shelter, did you?"

"Nope. Frankly, we couldn't afford it and it would have been nearly impossible to install after we put the fence in."

“So now what?”

“First, we watch the light show until we lose TV. Then, we dig out the CD V-715 from my office cabinet and insert the battery. Next, we zero the CD V-742s and sit and wait.”

“That’s it?”

“How fast can you dig?”

“Not that fast. I assume you have a plan B?”

“I always have a plan B. I have a plan C, but that’s for when things really get desperate.”

“What’s plan B?”

“Shelter in place and close off the hallway with plastic and duct tape.”

“That’s not much of a plan.”

“Sure it is. We can put plastic over the outside windows and seal them. We can close all the doors to the rooms and seal them. We can stack a big pile of stuff from the garage on the living room end of the hallway and we have an enclave. Alpha and beta are particles that have a hard time penetrating and if they can’t get in, we’re halfway there. Gamma rays are penetrating but this far from a source, unless we’re in a fallout path, we’re safe.”

“What’s plan C?”

“Not as good as plan B, trust me. Plan A was to put in a shelter, do you think we have time?”

“Do you have any empty boxes?”

“In the garage, why?”

“I’ll fill them with dirt and we’ll use them to block the hallway. Two layers of dirt should improve the protection factor to 90%.”

“At least. We need to move food we can eat cold in from the garage. We’d better figure on two weeks’ worth.”

“What was that, an earthquake?”

“I don’t think so. Go outside and look northeast for a mushroom cloud.”

“How far is it to Edwards?”

“About 19-20nm, NE.”

“There go the lights.”

“Let me check and see if we still have water pressure.”

“And, if we don’t?”

“There are 50 gallons of water in the hot water heater and a half dozen cases of bottled water. We have moist towels to clean our hands and two bottles of Purell. We still have water pressure, we’d better fill the tub, just in case.”

Long story short, we did it all and it was all for naught, the radiation level never rose in Palmdale. Either California’s two reactors were never hit, they were still down or they were scrambled on warning. TV didn’t last long after the warning, apparently the media personnel tried to take cover. When Derek came back in, he said they’d hit Edwards or something to the northeast. The wind was from the west, as it is 90% of the time.

“We could go to Barstow and salvage once the radiation dies down.”

“What do you need that you don’t already have?”

“More. However, I don’t want to get so loaded down we’re fighting the supplies instead of the enemy.”

“What enemy?”

“You just wait, someone will show up.”

“I hope Damon is ok.”

“What about your family?”

“Mary and I discussed this possibility and she has food and a place to shelter for the duration. Damon is in the path of the fallout, presuming they hit the Minuteman III bases.”

“He should be ok, I told him what to lay in for food supplies. Ron and I did what salvaging we could. We were in the area north of LA in the mountains. We divided it 50-50 and it should add a few months of eating.”

“Is that all you think of? Eating?”

“That’s the other rule of three’s: 3 minutes without air; 3 hours without shelter; 3 days without water; and, 3 weeks without food.”

“What you should really do is load up everything and move east.”

“Into the Danger Zone?”

“Not right away, of course. We could get two of the biggest trucks that U-Haul has and load everything. Find a fuel trailer up at Barstow, load it and some expendables and when the radiation dies down, go to Arkansas.”

You notice how he ignored my question. I think every man's kids have selective hearing, I did. His idea had merit, but would push our resources because I hadn't driven a vehicle since 2003. You don't forget how, I quit for health reasons, and when push came to shove, I wouldn't have much choice.

“Hey, Gar-Bear. I came over to tell you we're packing up and moving to New Mexico.”

“Derek suggests we pack up and move to Arkansas.”

“Do you think we could go to Barstow before we left? We could use a few things and if we get in before the radiation is all the way down, everyone might be undercover.”

“What do you need?”

“A fuel trailer, some M16s, magazines and ammo.”

“We need 2 fuel trailers, some M16s, M14s, magazines, ammo, LAWs rockets, grenades and MREs. I'll have talk to Derek about it.”

“Talk to me about what?”

“Going shopping at Barstow and picking up some fuel trailers and supplies. Ron suggested we go before the radiation completely dies down and they're still under cover.”

◦

Over the years, the US military had made a number of missteps. One example might be the M16 rifle. For two hundred years, the US policy was to have a rifle with real stopping power. With the M14, they got that, and more. The M14 had one major problem and one minor problem. The major problem was the muzzle climb in full auto and the minor problem was the weight of the ammo. Although the ammo was marginally lighter than that of the Garand, it was still heavy and in the jungles of Vietnam, presented a problem.

Pietro Beretta solved the problem of the muzzle climb with the BM-59, a modified Garand. Far be it for the Americans to adopt something from a defeated enemy, in the early years. Instead McNamara forced the military to go to the AR-15. The original prototype lacked a chrome plated chamber and barrel, hence it wasn't needed. To save a buck, the military changed to a dirty, ball powder. Then they said the rifle didn't ever need

cleaning and didn't issue cleaning kits. My brother-in-law, a Marine in Vietnam, wrapped 3 around tree trunks.

The M14 was the finest long-range regular service rifle ever issued. It had all the good qualities of the M1 Garand, minus any limitations. I first read about the rifle in the '50s, before it was officially adopted. I made a promise to myself that before I died, I'd own one. I didn't know at the time that they would become available as a semi-auto firearm, but I'm not sure that would have stopped me.

As far as I'm concerned, the M16 is nothing more than a poodle shooter, but even poodle shooters have their place. First, you can attach the M203 and second you have manageable selective fire. Ninety-five percent of the time, you use semi-auto; but, when you need it, 3-round burst or full-auto is nice. If the last number is odd, the rifle is full auto and if it is even, the rifle has 3-round burst.

The M14 rifle is heavier, about twice the weight of the M16. However, it shoots a more powerful, more accurate cartridge. The 7.62x51mm NATO round is equal to the .30-06 in power and accuracy, but doesn't weigh as much. During WW II, the average soldier probably carried his cartridge belt that held 10 clips plus a couple of bandoleers. Derek told me that in the sandbox, he carried 5 pistol magazines and about 12-14 rifle magazines. He had more, but he had them in his locker, resting the springs.

If I have to go into combat, heaven forbid, I'll have my M1A rifle, Mossberg shotgun, Taurus PT1911B and Rambo I knife. That's about all I can carry. Plus, I'll have 300 rounds of .308, 65 rounds of 00 Buck and 57 rounds of .45ACP. If it should happen that I can get all one shot kills (funny!!!) I can still only handle 405 bad guys, one at a time. Why do I have the impression that I'll be lucky to get off two or three magazines before the lights go out?

We went to Barstow when the radiation was still around 1R/hr. We didn't spend much time, got what we came for and got out of Dodge fast. The fuel trailers we picked up had been inside and were empty so we'd have to come up with fuel. When we got back, we headed to Lancaster and picked up 3 trucks and two car hitch kits, which we got Chris to install for us. We'd picked up a dozen A3s all equipped with grenade launchers. We also picked up 6 M14s, but they weren't quite new in the box. The magazines were and we had an average of 25 magazines per rifle.

We discussed getting machine guns, but almost passed. They use lots of ammo and so forth. We did get one of the most legendary guns in the US arsenal – but I think you know her name – with six spare barrels. And half a pickup load of .50BMG tank combat load, not the infantry practice load. The tank load contains AP and APIT while the infantry load is ball and tracer. Humping one of those is not for the faint of heart, one setup runs about 175 pounds. The only other thing I wanted was a good assortment of 7.62 and got sniper rounds (M118LR), AP rounds (M993), and M80 ball. For the M16s, we got M193 ball, M855 ball (SS-109) and M995 AP.



Add 10 crates of LAWs, a dozen cases each of fragmentation and concussion grenades plus a case of each color of smoke grenade. We could have taken more, but the clock was ticking and my dosimeter was steadily rising. We couldn't find the Claymore mines, or we may have taken some of them too. I was surprised to learn that the Mk3A2 Concussion grenade is an offensive grenade and the M61 and M67 fragmentation grenades are defensive grenades.

Aside the one heavy machine gun, we were equipped with only small weapons. We couldn't find a 60mm mortar, but that would have been nice to have. Derek picked up a pair of M9s because he was qualified expert on one and the ones he found were new. Our thinking didn't extend much beyond our noses.

All told, it took the better part of two weeks to find fuel and load the trucks. I wasn't thinking about much more than returning to the US. We had no idea what we would find on our trek across to country, back to Arkansas. Bombed out cities, obviously; however, what about the survivors? Would they be like-minded people who considered themselves Patriots? Or, would they be sheeple who thought it was our obligation to support them? If it were the former, I expected they would respect our property rights, especially since we were asking nothing of them. If it were armed sheeple, they could be modern day bandits, what's theirs was theirs and what's ours is theirs, if they can get it.

Ideally, we could travel across the country via Interstate 40. The only problem with that was cities like Albuquerque, undoubtedly target cities. That would include Amarillo, Oklahoma City and Little Rock and/or Fort Smith. I'll admit that I had depended on the internet for maps, hence this would be a seat-of-the-pants trip, adjusting to prevailing conditions. There were also choke points, like Needles. Perhaps the best way to get to Flippin was to head towards Phoenix on I-10, use farms roads to transition to I-17 and pick up I-40 in Flagstaff. Any way we went, there would be issues. However, given our limited (not enough forever) food supply, we just had to go.

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By taking I-10, we avoided the fallout areas from Edwards but put ourselves in a pinch point when we went through Blythe. We didn't even slow down and were good until we got to Quartzsite. They had a roadblock set up on I-10, mostly staffed by people my age. We were asked what we wanted and we told them passage east and nothing else. They held some kind of parlay and offered us free escorted passage, which we took in a heartbeat. From Quartzsite, it's mostly open road until you get to west of Phoenix. We got off there and headed north on West Sun Valley Parkway/West Bell Road. We picked up Arizona 303 and took it North Lake Pleasant Road to Arizona 74 and from there to the I-17.

We stopped to eat, empty our personal tanks and refill the fuel tanks. I didn't really expect Flagstaff would have been hit, but both Derek and I agreed that we didn't want to stop there, if we could avoid it. I've been across on I-40 any number of times and knew it was mostly small towns until we got to Gallup, New Mexico. We agreed to stop east of

Flagstaff for the night and push through to west of I-25 before we stopped again. The thing I hated about Gallup was it seemed to be strung out along I-40. We hadn't run into Ron up to US 491 – the renumbered Devil's Highway – so apparently, they'd made it this far. Or, they hadn't made it to Flagstaff.

We stopped for the night at the exit for Paseo del Norte. We intended to take it north and east, avoiding as much of the radiation as possible. The next day, we were doing well, but the survey meter began to click some as we neared I-25. From there, we made it to Santa Fe and on through Las Vegas, NM. I knew a squirrel there, but at the time, couldn't remember who. Anyway, we got into Trinidad, Colorado and took US 160 east. This we followed to Webb City, Missouri (Joplin) and from there, I followed Derek. It had taken about 5 days, but we made the journey without notable trouble. Once we got on US 160, it was mostly small towns and there may have been onlookers, but no one tried to stop us.

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We let Derek and Mary get reacquainted, and then it was time for a cup of coffee. Our coffee – she'd run out. Our arrival was just in the proverbial nick of time. She still had beans and rice, but had run out of the ingredients to bake bread, used up the last of her instant milk and only had a few boxes of macaroni and cheese. Flippin is home to Ranger Boats, Micro Plastics, and Mar Tron. A Wal-Mart, Flippin Public Schools, Marion County Government, Actronix, Baxter Health Care, Mar-Bax Shirt Factory, and NATCO are also top employers of Flippin citizens. The population hasn't changed much since I last wrote about the town, it's still around 1,400.

“Mary says we have an empty apartment; do you think you can qualify?”

“It's low income housing, right?”

“It is.”

“We don't have any income, is that low enough?”

“Yes, but you have to fill out all the forms and you still have to pay some rent.”

“I doubt Social Security is still viable, but some of the money in the trust fund is invested to produce interest, so I suppose we can pay some rent.”

“Do you have any idea how much income you will have? You can put your best estimate on the form.”

“Figure 3% interest on \$200,000. That's about \$6,000 per year or \$500 per month.”

“That's too much.”



## Loose Ends – Chapter 5

*In the time before the twilight  
Settles on the world  
Woah, you can feel the magic  
Dreamin' of someone to hold tight  
One more lonely girl  
Woah, goes on automatic*

*Everywhere across the land  
In front of their mirrors with combs in their hands  
They prepare to make a stand  
Lover to lover, woman to man (Livin' for the...)*

*[Chorus]  
Sidewalk hot summer nights  
Radio 'bout to blow  
Small talk under the lights  
Feel the heat, wild and sweet  
Hot summer nights*

*Sitting out upon the front steps  
Bursting at the seams  
Woah, driven by desire  
City boy stares at the sunset  
Dreaming desperate dreams  
Woah, where there's smoke there's fire*

*And some believe that love is won  
And some of them go like they're under the gun  
In between what's already done  
And the promise they feel in the evening to come  
(Livin' for the...)*

*[Chorus]  
Oh, oh hot summer nights  
Oh, oh hot summer nights*

*In the end two hearts will meet  
And maybe they'll find whatever they seek  
If they can, they'll learn how to keep  
The faith that they found in the sound of the beat  
(Out for those...)*

*[Chorus]*

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“Fine, figure 2% interest on \$150,000. That’s about \$3,000 per year or \$250 per month.”

“You qualify, let’s get the paperwork started.”

“The less you have, the more you get?”

“Something like that, yes.”

“I don’t suppose you’ll take a check?”

“Sorry, Dad, cash only.”

We had enough food for several months and enough cash to pay about 6 months of rent and utilities. I assumed that we’d have to drive up to Charles City and make arrangements with the bank to get at the income. With the banking system probably down for who knows how long, they at least needed our address to mail a check to us. What am I saying? Mail? I think this is my worst nightmare come true. If we had some money in the bank in Charles City, we could bring it to Flippin and hide it in my sock drawer.

Before you say I’ve written an unlikely scenario, stop and think. Russia continues to test ICBMs and China recently said the placement of US missile defenses in Europe would not ease global security concerns but will undermine the global strategic balance. And, North Korea had been strangely quiet or not in the news much before the attack. Let’s face it; we were reduced to an existence of basic survival. At least we could fish in Bull Shoals and eat radioactive fish. The land was so hilly it would be very hard to farm; about the most we could hope for was a good garden spot.

“I’m sorry you guys, but we’re really short on food. I have no idea what to fix.”

“Mary the second truck is at least half-full of food. Be careful of the generator, it’s keeping the freezer and refrigerator cold. Derek, you should probably open the door and put the generator on the ground and let the truck air out. I don’t trust that vent we installed.”

“What’s in the trailers? Fuel? That’s worth its weight in gold.”

“Not counting my stored gasoline, there must be the better part of 700 gallons of gas between the two fuel trailers. We have some other things too, gifts from the government.”

“Right, you went to Barstow.”

“Yeah, before the radiation dropped enough that they’d be out and about. We didn’t get much; there’s a ton of belted .50BMG.”

“More like a ton and a half, I loaded it, remember?” Derek chimed in.

“We picked up a few others things, Mary. We should be able to defend the fort against a tribe of Indians, large or small. Got you an A3 and an M9.”

“Dad got all of his fantasy toys, Mary. LAWs rockets, hand grenades, 40mm grenades, A3s, M14s and even one Ma Deuce.”

“We should have tried harder to find a M224 60mm mortar.”

“They hit Little Rock, there’s no way to register a machinegun.”

“I won’t tell if you don’t.”

It was funny how Derek took his responsibilities about running the apartment complex so serious. We strategically reallocated some government property, two U-Haul trucks, 1,000 gallons of gas and other stuff without much of a thought about what we were doing. Still, he insisted that we pay \$56 rent per month for a one bedroom apartment. Amy and the kids got their own, thank God. Is there a market for two, slightly used, U-Haul trucks? We were good for now as far as money went, Mary arranged to sell the gasoline for \$5.50 a gallon and I was right, we had 700 gallons, not counting my generator supply, which gave us \$3,850 cash money.

The M14s had all been converted to semi-auto only by the Marines Corps. In case of an ambush, we had the A3s and her highness to lay down a pattern of automatic fire. I’d never fired a Ma Deuce and wasn’t about to learn. Instead, I’d shoot poodles, after they got too close. Meanwhile, my M1A was sighted in and I’d stick with it.

Having a few dollars in my sock drawer completely changed our attitude. We could go to Charles City after some cash accumulated in the accounts and bring it back. After that, we might be forced to go north once a year or track down Damon and have him bring the money down. Mary and Damon didn’t get along; a nice way of saying she despised him. I concluded that anything the bank invested in the stock market was gone and the only money in the account would be that which they invested in the bank itself.

You know about it, right? You hire a bank to manage a trust fund and they generally invest up to one-third of the assets in the bank. The income the bank earns on the funds is far more than they pay you in interest; talk about double dipping. There are times when this is a good thing, like when the world ends. Do you really think every town and city will be wiped out in WW III? Think again. In my case, they couldn’t give me the remaining assets, only the income, provisions of the will.

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Eventually, we got everything unloaded and moved in. Slowly we began to erase the evidence of as many of our foul deeds as circumstances permitted. We found a garden

spot and put in those heirloom seeds that I'd gotten from the Ark Institute. Mary had seeds from Wal-Mart, but they were hybrids and only good for one season. Food is food and we decided to use them up while the seeds were still relatively fresh. Under proper conditions, you can store seeds at least 20 years. Derek knew more about it than I did, his grandfather Spencer had taught him. Another thing that Herb had taught him was how to keep bees, collect and process the honey. As the expression goes, we were standing in tall cotton.

We had:

1. Food
2. Shelter
3. A means of self-defense
4. A source income, however limited

By the way, Carl Sagan was right, it got cold. You can't imagine HOW cold, but it reminded me of northern Iowa in the middle of winter. The sky kind of looked like dirt, grayish brown and foreboding. Flippin had some industry, but Ranger wouldn't be selling any boats for some time. Because of the weather, the garden output was far less than I expected, but we dutifully replaced the seed we had used and canned the remainder of the produce, except for the potatoes and onions. We had enough jars this year, we'd moved the ones we'd bought, can't tell you about next year.

The main topic of a story of survival isn't the calamity that got you there, it's how you managed to get by afterwards. How did you weather the food shortages, the bad guys, your loss of income and the living conditions? In circumstances like this, there are frequent outbreaks of diseases we thought we had conquered. It's also fertile ground for new diseases, you know, like H5N1.

I've read some discussion on the subject of salvaging and there are as many naysayers as those that think it's the way to go. Salvaging is recovering abandoned property from people who no longer need it and looting is taking useless property with some value from someone who is around and wants to keep it. I'm against looting and against salvaging if there is any doubt which definition applies. However, these are hard times and it's not like you can always know the difference. There may be some common items, like food, but you don't need jewelry, booze or porn mags to survive. Try and walk the narrow line and pass, rather than take, if you're not sure. A storage depot is what it claims to be, storage of unused equipment. If there is any uncertainty about a depot, the thing the military will need in the future will primarily be expendables.

We still had a few cases of MREs and would keep them for if and when we traveled outside of our AO. Our AO was defined as Flippin, AR and that was about it. People are people the world over and there are always a few BGs out there who don't follow the same rules I do about salvaging. They believe that what they have is theirs and what you have is theirs, if they can get it. Use head shots, they may be wearing stolen police vests. Aim for the tip of the nose and they'll go down in a flash when your slug goes

through their Medulla Oblongata.

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“Grandpa?”

“Yes, Elizabeth, what is it?”

“Grandpa, who won the war?”

“I don’t know if you can understand, but no one won the war. Off hand, I’d say we came out of it better than the people who attacked us, but that remains to be seen. The thing is, both Russia and China are much further north than the continental US and they will have terrible winters for some time.”

“So, we won?”

“Everyone lost.”

“Will we be ok?”

“Elizabeth, only time will tell. In some ways, I suppose this country went back 100 years and is more like it was in 1900. However, we have one thing no one can take away from us.”

“What’s that?”

“Knowledge. We’re going to have to teach you all we can to preserve that knowledge. Our children and our grandchildren are our future. Things are far different than they were when I grew up. When I grew up, they weren’t anywhere near what they were in your lifetime. We didn’t have personal computers or cell phones. Heck, we didn’t have 90% of the things we had just before the war. We didn’t get our first TV until 1953.”

“You didn’t have TV?”

“Not until I was 10 years old.”

“What did you watch?”

“The first movie I ever watched on TV was *African Queen*.”

“Who was in it?”

“Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.”

“I’ve never heard of them.”



“They’re both dead now.”

Just about everyone who people my age watched in the movies when we were kids are dead now. How many people remember Johnny Mack Brown? He was a cowboy star during the latter part of his career. I remember him because in one movie he used a bolt action rifle. Most of the time, he played good guys. I’m sure most don’t remember him, but they’ll always remember the Duke. Johnny made 169 movies to the Duke’s 170 and they both ended up the same way – dead.

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Sometimes you can do everything right and you still die. That’s because life is different than what we think we know. In reality, anything can happen and even if you don’t make a mistake something can surprise you. For example, in the September 11 report there was a former Israeli Special Forces man named Daniel Levin (rest in peace) who was flying on a business trip on one of the flights. When the terrorists acted he jumped on one of them and started to fight with him, as most Israelis would do, since their mindset is to fight a terrorist and not to sit back and wait. However, a second terrorist hijacker that was sitting there, as a sleeper, stabbed him in his back. Although Daniel Levin acted heroically and correctly, he still became a victim (and the first victim of September 11). The point here is that even if you do everything right life can still catch you by surprise. Excerpt from KAPAP ACADEMY Instructor notebook (Israeli CQB)

Krav Panim El Panim – Kapap, is the Hebrew acronym for “Face To Face Combat.” It is the original Israeli combat system for defensive tactics, hand-to-hand combat and self-defense, and is employed by the Israeli Defense and Security Forces, the Israeli National Police, and its Special Operations and Anti-Terrorist units. Its roots originated in the 1940’s fight tactics used by the Palmach (Jewish Strike Brigades) who were fighting for Israel’s independence, and would later become the structure and main force to form Israel’s specialized units in the conventional military (IDF) for years to come.

In 1919 the Jews formed an underground army, known as the Haganah (the Hebrew word for defense), to deal with the ongoing conflict with Arab gangs and in anticipation of the creation of a Jewish state promised to them by the British in the Balfour Declaration. The Jews expected the Brits to hold up their end of the bargain for a homeland. When it was apparent that the deal would not go through the Palmach used guerilla tactics against the British military and police installations. Terrorist attacks were also carried out by the Jewish Stern Group and Irgun, but they were strongly condemned by the Haganah. Finally, when the British lowered the Union Jack and left the region, the Jews declared their Independence on May 14, 1948. Hours later the forces of Jordan, Lebanon, Iraq, Egypt, Syria, and the Palestinians attacked the new-born nation of Israel. Eventually, the unofficial-turned legitimate Haganah would face its greatest challenge yet in the War of Independence, and was officially renamed the Tzava Haganah Le’Yisrael (translated as the Army Defense to Israel and also the Israeli Defense Forces or IDF).

Just thought you'd like some historical background on our only ally in the Middle East. Unfortunately, these days, none of us knew what was happening in the Middle East. Nothing good, I suspect, for sure we weren't getting any more oil. It wouldn't have mattered, none of the refineries was running. Without doubt, there were supplies of fuel out there, if you could find them, but unless you had PRI-G and PRI-D, they wouldn't do you much good.

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Having sold our surplus 700-gallons of gas to get cash, we were down to two 55-gallon drums and 12 5-gallon cans of stabilized gas, 170 gallons. We sold the gas but not the tankers and could look for more fuel, either gas or diesel would do. I had a full gallon each of PRI-G & D and could convert 2,000 gallons with each gallon. Unfortunately, not being from Arkansas, I didn't speak the language. I could do the y'all bit but after that, it gut herd. I had Derek to translate for me. I may be old, but, I'm apparently not a good ol' boy.

I told him we needed to get out and find a tanker full of gas and maybe one of diesel we could sell for even more money. We needed to find a marina and load up on PRI-G & D so we could convert the fuel back to something usable and keep it that way. Besides, the lights were an on and off proposition and we'd still need more gas to run the generator. I had to keep a lookout for a decent diesel fueled generator, say a 50kw Kohler 50REOZJB or a Cummins equivalent. The thing was a normal house service is 100 amps and we had 3 and possibly 4 households to power. Four households could be run on a Kohler 100REOZJB or a Cummins equivalent. Derek and Mary, Sharon and me, Amy and her clan and Damon, if he showed up. We might just as well have the whole family, we'll go through the food faster.

"This crap about not eating leftovers has to stop!"

"I hate leftovers."

"I don't care; go ahead, ask me if I care. We can't go to the pizza shop if you don't take something out of the freezer and there's no reason to thaw food when we already have some in the refrigerator that you can warm up."

"I don't like it."

"Think eat to live instead of live to eat; you'll get over it. Warmed over goulash tastes the same as fresh goulash once you get it hot. I can't say the same thing for beans, in fact, they get better with age. If you make a pot of beef stew, we eat beef stew until it's almost gone and eat that last little bit with the beans or goulash you fix next."

"Can I still fix pork steak?"

“Sure, just don’t fix me any, I’ll eat leftovers. You wouldn’t eat chuck steak if you were starving and pork steak is exactly the same cut, except from pork instead of beef. On a hog it’s called a Boston butt and on a beef it’s called the chuck. You like pork loin chops but would never think of eating a club steak. You love small end ribeye and that’s the same cut as the club steak. You should have learned to cut meat, it would improve your outlook.”

“Are you done?”

“I guess.”

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We don’t have arguments, they’re ‘discussions’ and usually I do the listening and she does the discussing. The previous discussion was atypical, but even someone as even tempered as I am sometimes has enough. The only treat I wanted was a Pizza Hut American Sausage pizza. I’d probably have to go to Iowa to get one and only then if I could find an open Pizza Hut. What does a pizza have to do our arguments? She likes Italian and I like American sausage pizza, so in a way, quite a bit. Plus, she likes fungus on her pizza and tries to make it sound better by calling them mushrooms.

And thus, the salvaging of gasoline and diesel fuel began. We had two 500-gallon tankers and Derek came up with a pump that would allow us to pump it from the tanks. With the electric situation what it was, some operators had simply abandoned their gas stations, lacking any means to pump their fuel. Apparently they didn’t consider a generator, or didn’t have the fuel to run one. We’d put a quart of the appropriate PRI product in the tank and pump them full. The stations were few and far between and we didn’t want to stray too far from Flippin.

I really got excited when we found a 50kw diesel generator – almost wet my pants. The company who had it, had it installed with a 200 amp automatic transfer switch and had 500 gallons of stabilized diesel stored. With the fuel we already had and that which we could still hopefully get; at night, the lights stayed on in Arkansas; although, I think they’re still out in Georgia. Vicki Lawrence did it first, her first husband wrote the song; Reba’s version was a remake.

We finally got a grain mill and used it to grind the popcorn into corn meal. We also looked around and found a few bushels of wheat. It was supposedly not for human consumption, but I won’t tell if you don’t. The main thing was that it hadn’t been treated with any chemicals and we could make more flour.

We worked off and on for months trying to get our ducks in a row. We made it through the worst winter I can remember since ‘49 or ‘50 and in the spring, Damon showed up. He had FRNs from the bank in Charles City. I would have rather had gold or silver, but Derek would take them for rent, so I guess it didn’t matter. Damon and his girlfriend moved into the one vacancy Derek had. He said the kids were happy in Britt and he

couldn't make them come along. Obama came on the radio, to make a speech, and I turned it off. We're doing just fine, without his help.

"You have a gun?"

"Nope. Do you have extras?"

"What caliber?"

"What do you have?"

"12 gauge, 5.56x45mm and 7.62x51mm. We have 9mm and .45 caliber pistols, too. The M16s are A3s with an M203 installed and the M14s are semi-auto. What did they teach ETs in the Navy to shoot?"

"The M16."

"Stick with what you know or get a shotgun."

o

Of course, these weren't just any shotguns. They were Mossberg 590A1s. They had an 8-round magazine, heavier barrel, metal hardware, synthetic stock and ghost ring (peep) sights. They had been endurance tested to 3,000 rounds before the Marine Corps adopted them. We not only had my 8-round buckshot, but a few cases from Barstow, some non-lethal and some very lethal. The military isn't hampered by the same rules as the prisoners of California (residents) and they have everything from rubber batons to buckshot to flechettes to breaching charges to armor piercing 12-gauge shells. I test fired all of the military rounds and decided to stick with my low recoil 8-pellet 00 buck because it was more accurate. Do I care if the pellets don't exit? No, but my shoulder loves the reduced recoil.

The M14s were used, like I said, but not THAT used. They were far more accurate than the new A3s. I looked down the barrel on one and discovered that they'd been rebarreled and appear to have a tighter twist than my rifle did. My rifle had 1:11 so these must have 1:10 which made them more accurate with the M118LR sniper rounds. My barrel was a medium weight NM barrel and these were the same, or possibly heavier. We hadn't managed to locate any scopes because we were in a hurry, but we're not now. The best mount might be the A.R.M.S. mount but they weren't available. We ended up using Redfield ring mounts on top of those 3rd Generation mounts that Springfield Armory sells. We had Leopold scopes.

Altogether, we could field about two squads including the crew-served Ma Deuce. Everyone would have some grenades plus anyone with an A3 had 40mm grenades and the people with the M14s carried one or two LAW rockets. At least, that's how Derek set it up. I was disappointed to learn that my role would be to man the radio right here in the

apartment complex.

It's about time I bring up the subject of radios because it's the first time I've mentioned them. My personal favorite is the Kenwood TS-2000. However, there is nothing wrong with an ICOM or Yaesu. The most expensive is the Yaesu with the ICOM being generally in the middle and Kenwood being the least expensive. The key isn't the radio, it's the antenna you use. While I generally talk about the MFJ-1798, it's because you get 10 bands in one antenna, the most bang for your buck. My catalog is old, 2007, but the price was under \$300. You can also add a MFJ 33' flimsy telescoping fiberglass mast for ~\$80. You can spend more and get a better MFJ vertical antenna, up to \$1,000.

The main problem with communications in the area was the terrain. Line-of-sight was out 95% of the time, forcing us to use lower, ham frequencies. The alternative was to have a repeater on the highest hill in the area and that would probably only give us about 50% coverage. You could forget about those FRS radios except for intra-squad communications and they're strictly line-of-sight. Once we had that generator and fuel tank moved and installed all we needed was more diesel. We found gallons, quarts and pints of both PRI-G & D up at a marina at Bull Shoals. Damon did his part for salvage and traded some of the gas for an empty 2,000-gallon fuel tank. We then proceeded to haul back that diesel from the abandoned station, and mix it with PRI-D to restore it.

We ended up with one trailer full of gas, one trailer full of diesel plus 2,000-gallons of stored diesel. There was still more at the station, but I figured if we didn't move it or restore it, it might still be there when we needed it. We weren't going looking for trouble and our two squad Army was defensive in nature. If you look up 502 S 8th St., Flippin, Arkansas, you'll see there is only one road into the apartment complex. The complex is sort of circular and Derek lives just north of the north street of the loop.

I'll bet that sounds like a lot of diesel, but it's not. The generator burns 4gph at 100% power, about 96 gallons per day. We had a one-month supply if the lights went off and stayed off. Yeah, we were well off, if you considered the things we had. My concern was over the things we lacked. Drugs were becoming very hard to get. We hadn't located real combat medical packs and if someone got hurt defending the place, our only choice was to try and get them to Baxter Hometown Healthcare in Mountain Home. I had wanted some blood stopper bandages, ACS sponges or Quik Clot – wanted, never got. It got so that just before the rock hit, a dollar was barely worth 50¢.

We made it a point to keep in practice with our weapons because it served two purposes: 1) it kept us in practice; and 2) it sent a message to anyone who heard the gunshots. The first time we did that, we attracted attention we didn't want, Bubba and his pal. We were only using the A3s on semi-auto and we were outside of town lines in a safe place to shoot so they just gave us hell then said, "Y'all be careful, hear?" Good advice, maybe Bubba should take it.

## Loose Ends – Chapter 6

*I can tell by the look in your eyes you've been hurtin'  
You know I'll never let you down... oh no  
And I'll try anything to keep it workin'  
You gave me time to find out  
What my heart was lookin' for  
And what I'm feelin' inside*

*In your eyes  
I want to see your love again  
In your eyes  
I never want this feeling to end  
It took some time to find the light  
But now I realize  
I can see the heaven in your eyes*

*Can't you see I'm finding it hard to let go  
Oooh at all the heartaches  
We've been through  
I never really thought I'd see this love grow  
But you helped me see  
Now I know what my heart's been lookin' for  
And what I'm feeling inside*

*In your eyes  
I want to see your love again  
In your eyes  
I never want this feeling to end  
It took some time to find the light  
But now I realize  
I can see the heaven in your eyes*

*We've been livin' on the edge  
Where only the strong survive  
We've been livin' on the edge  
And it's something that we just can't hide  
Oh this feeling inside*

*In your eyes  
I want to see your love again  
In your eyes  
I never want this feeling to end  
It took some time to find the light  
But now I realize  
I can see the heaven in your eyes*

*Ooh yeah I can see the heaven in your eyes  
Oh baby I can see the heaven in your eyes  
Oooh yeah heaven in your eyes, heaven in your eyes  
Oh heaven in your eyes, heaven in your eyes  
I can see the heaven, heaven in your eyes,  
heaven in your eyes*

o

Which brings up an interesting question. I'll start it here and finish my reply in the next chapter. We had food, fuel, means of defense and a limited source of income. I've always claimed to be Christian, Methodist is only a denomination, and what would a Christian do when living among a group of less fortunate's?

The obvious answer is share, up to a point. Our extended family is all gathered in a single place and they're my first priority. Everyone else is our extended-extended family. It's not so much the food you share as the ability to produce food. What is the admonition? Give a man a fish and he eats for one day – teach a man to fish and he eats forever, or something like that. The seeds we had from the Ark Institute were enough; we had seeds for several years, why not share those? After all, the whole idea of heirloom seeds is they breed true and can be planted the following year.

We weren't the only people salvaging, we just weren't focused primarily on food. Don't misunderstand, we weren't above reallocating abandoned food, but our primary focus was fuel because we didn't have any biodiesel equipment and producing biodiesel takes a lot of grain. You get maybe 110 gallons per acre of peanuts. Rapeseed, whatever that is, isn't much better at 127gpa. If we could find biodiesel equipment and the chemicals, we could consider trying to convert the old oil in all the fast food places.

Back to the question of sharing, there's more. My personal rule is you can ask, or I can offer; but if you come in and try to take what we have, I have 147 reasons why you can't. Maybe you'd prefer a load of 00 buck instead? We moved our dogs from the PRK, they're better than the best alarm system ever invented. Come anywhere near where we are and you'll think Mars is invading.

In a post-TSHTF situation, you can live by rules like the bad guys do, until someone kills you. You're far better off sharing, to the extent possible and creating allies rather than opponents. Then, when you come up against the BGs, you may have a collective chance.

We're in the heart of the Ozarks here and it's much different than other places you've been. They have their own language and probably 90% of them are Assemblies of God (Springfield, Mo) or Southern Baptist. If I were younger, I'd go crazy just exploring all the caves they have in the area. But no, I'm trapped in our apartment listening to the radios. The boys wanted me to keep an ear open for what the man in the White House was going to do next. I had a couple of scanners allowing me to pick up most radio calls, but

90% of the time, it was just Bubba. Was he driving around on our salvaged gas?

The people in the northeast were in serious trouble. The US wasn't importing oil and most of them heated with fuel oil. I'm not sure, but I don't believe you can burn wood in a fuel oil furnace. So, those that survived the attack were likely to either starve to death or freeze to death. Not so the people in states like New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine. It was likely for New York and New England: Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. Northern New England was probably filled with survivors, but I wouldn't bet on southern New England or New York. Having been to New York City, once, I learned Iowa was part of the wild, wild west and the Midwest was Ohio. The east apparently stopped at the Pennsylvania border.

I swear there are people who never got off Manhattan except to go to Yankee Stadium, in the Bronx. Would anyone warn New York City if an attack were imminent? I doubt it; you couldn't evacuate the city in a week. It was easier and faster to evacuate New Orleans and that didn't happen. But, he's not a Senator from Illinois anymore, so what does he care?

o

Halfway around the world trouble was brewing with us totally in the dark. What you don't know can sometimes hurt you. Before the rock hit and we had WW III, people had two main concerns: the economy and Iran's nuclear program. Before, both China and Russia had been holding off while they rebuilt their military and, in hindsight, maybe they were further along than we thought. I guess it doesn't matter, we retaliated and between their missiles and bombs and our missiles and bombs, the world was barely a fit place to live. Israel bombed the crap out of Iran's known nuclear plants, but not the ones they didn't know about.

As was later explained, Iran had both highly enriched uranium and plutonium. The explanation didn't say where it had come from, maybe Russia, maybe not. With help from Pakistan, before India wiped Pakistan out, Iran built 'some' nuclear weapons. As I understand Pakistan's nuclear program, Dr. Abdul Qadeer Khan, a metallurgical engineer, working in a Dutch research firm used URENCO blueprints for designing the ultracentrifuges at Kahuta (near Islamabad) also joined Pakistan's nuclear weapons-grade Uranium enrichment program.

The uranium enrichment program had been launched in 1974 by PAEC chairman Munir Ahmad Khan as Project-706. AQ Khan joined the project in the spring of 1976 and was made Project-Director in July 1976 after taking over from Sultan Bashiruddin Mahmood. Although in 1983, AQ Khan was convicted of the theft of these blueprints, the conviction was overturned on some technicality. A few weeks after India's Shakti (Power) operation (second nuclear test), on 28May98, Pakistan detonated 5 nuclear devices in the Chagai Hills in the Chagai district, Balochistan. This operation was named Chagai-I by Pakistan. Pakistan's fissile material production takes place at Kahuta and Khushab/Jauharabad, where weapons-grade Plutonium is made; the latter, allegedly, with the



assistance of Chinese-supplied technology.

On second thought, maybe Pakistan sold plutonium to Iran – it doesn't matter. What matters, I suppose, is what they did with it once they had it. You remember the fruitcake President that Iran had? He and Hugo Chávez were buddies and they cut off our supply oil – remember them now? Ahmadinejad made a lot of claims about killing off the Christians and Jews. Hugo was an idiot, Catholics are Christians too. Did he believe they wouldn't be next? I edited here so this doesn't seem appropriate, but I like it, so I'll keep it. Let me remind you of what Lincoln said:

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.*

*But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate – we can not consecrate – we cannot hallow – this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*

Did you notice how apolitically correct his speech was? He used the word God in his speech! I think I'll leave it in when I say the Pledge of Allegiance! Anyway, he told the raghead that we still had bombs left and unless he wanted his country to look like ours, he'd better back down. He called his bluff! We had somehow managed to preserve some of our B-52s, B-1Bs and B-2s. Our nuclear stockpile wasn't what it used to be, but we still had some and some of those KC-35s. So, I guess you could say that Iran finally joined the nuclear club. Most countries with nuclear weapons were now ash piles.

You take a man struggling just to feed his family, brought on by an attack on our country and you know a man who is more than willing to shoot first and ask questions later. And in the Ozarks, some of these people were still fighting the War of Northern Aggression. And like I said, they're mostly fundamentalist Christians. Derek says there's even a Klan Chapter a few miles to the west and they hate nearly everyone. Now, I wouldn't want to be the raghead or wetback that exploded a nuclear weapon in what remained of our

once great country. He or she would be better off if they were a suicide bomber.

o

It was a struggle too, because when the snow melted and the water ran off, it turned hot and dry. Some of the lakes that had all but dried up had a little water. The main concern was whether the aquifers had begun to refill. As they'd been drained, wells had run dry and well drilling, before the war, was big business. After the war, there wasn't much fuel to run the well driller's rigs and different arrangements had to be made.

There is an unlimited supply of water since the water comes from Bull Shoals Lake. Flippin's water system can pump more than a half million gallons a day and has storage of 400,000 gallons. The city had the capacity to handle sewage, trash and was supplied natural gas from regional wells. Maybe we should have gotten a gas fueled generator, but the diesels last so much longer. We were doing about as well as one could expect, after TSHTF.

Damon and I spent all the time we could on the road looking for supplies of abandoned fuel. Eventually, we ended up much closer to Little Rock and found a fuel distributor.

"How much fuel do you think there is here, Dad?"

"I don't know, I can't read the labels on the tanks. I'd say more than we have now. Do you feel up to driving a fuel tanker?"

"Actually, not really, no."

"It's not like there's any traffic on the roads."

"Driving a tanker full of fuel would be the same as painting a bullseye on my back."

"I'll cover your back."

"You can't even cover your own."

"My only problem would be figuring out which gun to shoot first."

"And, by the time you figure it out, we'll both be dead."

"Oh ye of little faith. Fill up that tanker over there with diesel, it's not as volatile as gas and we need it for the generator."

"Which tanker, there are three?"

"Pick one and if it smells like diesel, use it; if not, check another. I think we just struck gold here, Damon. I brought two cases each of gallons of PRI-G & D, so you can treat

16,000-gallons. Just make sure you add it as the tanks fill, that should blend it in and the drive back to Flippin should finish it.”

“Finish it or us?”

“Listen, 16,000-gallons of diesel will run the generator for about five months. We can come back and pick up a second tanker of gasoline and sell it to the local stations, and then bring the tanker back and refill it with diesel. One more trip and we’ll have 3 tankers and 48,000-gallons of diesel fuel, about a 500 day supply. We’d better look around for more generators since we still have natural gas, we can put in some natural gas fueled generators.”

“I thought you didn’t like those.”

“I don’t, but you’ll have to admit, the price is right.”

“Assuming we can find one.”

“True.”

o

As luck would have it, we found more than one natural gas fueled generator, enough to supply power to all 33 apartments. We kept the diesel in case the natural gas got cutoff. After, we were able to focus on growing more food. We rototilled that little area in the center of the complex and some adjacent land, and then maintained a guard on that plot 24/7. It was decided to use the guards on rotating shifts and I had a shift about once every five days. The remainder of the time, I had the day shift on the radio. We hung my ham license in the room where the radio was and everyone operated off my license. Thing was, who would care? The FCC had probably all been wiped out in the attacks. Moreover, I believe there’s provision in the law that allows anyone to use a radio in an emergency.

Remember I said we’d never bug out? Uh-huh, plan for the worst and hope for the best. I guess it worked out; but, do most people cross half the country when they bug out? It got pretty damned complicated when we did it and it took 2 U-Haul trucks and a pair of fuel trailers. Then we held our collective breaths for about 1,700 miles counting detours around the hot spots. And, so far, the only times I’ve shot any of my guns is at the practice range we set up outside of town. But, man, we have enough ammo to fight WW IV. However, I have a sinking feeling in my gut that’s not going to last. Especially not once the word gets out that we’re growing food here in Flippin.

Anyone could help himself to the fuel at the distribution center; but, would they know to restore it with PRI products? I mean I don’t have that big of an audience. Everyone should be able to find hybrid seeds somewhere; but do they realize they won’t breed true next year? It seems that so far, we’ve done things right, only time will tell. Maybe by

then, I'll learn the language down here. Most of the big, dumb LEOs I've met are named Bubba – it that a name or a title? That's a lot for an old man to learn.

Then we checked out the CCW provisions, just in case. First, you have to be a resident for a year; second, it has to be approved by Little Rock; third, after they've checked with NCIC. Do we even have an FBI? IIRC, Little Rock got nuked. But, ole Bubba claims you MUST have a permit. Well, my gun is bigger than his gun and there are more of us than him, so there.

o

Except, everyone hates Bubba until it's an outsider messing with him; then, he's a good ol' boy. It's almost enough to make a man want to take a drink. But, I won't – been there, done that, got the scars to prove it. Can't say I haven't been tempted in the many times since January 1, 1999 – I still remember what it was like, being out of control. Since Bubba seems to spend most of his days running a speed trap, maybe he'll run into the BGs before we do. That's why the scanner is set to all of the police bands, in case Bubba calls for hep.

“What are you doing on the computer?”

“Typing.”

“Typing what? You're doing another story, aren't you?”

“Nope. What I was doing was tying up *loose ends*.”

That's how I came up with the title and it was no longer document1.doc. I averaged about a page a day. It wasn't writer's block; it was more like not enough hours in a day. I could do, but not much; therefore I 'supervised' and sometimes they even listened to me. The kids picked up the new language so fast, I used them to translate for me.

“Grandpa, are you going to supervise today?”

“Nah, I thought I'd stand guard, that's not as much work as supervising. Derek has finally introduced me to everyone living here that we're not related to and I'm pretty sure I'll recognize them if they show up. About the only time someone leaves is when they hear that Wal-Mart got another load in. It usually isn't much; a little food, maybe some toilet paper, and on a rare occasion, ammo.”

It was like that, too. Wal-Mart's headquarters wasn't that far away, to the west, and when the warehouse got something in, a really big day, they would break up the load and ship it to the stores in northwestern Arkansas. Bentonville is on I-540 north of US 412 which runs through Flippin. They rarely used a tractor trailer rig. If they did, the truck made several stops and about as far east as they went was Mountain Home.

Looking back, I guess we should have bought gold when it was between \$300 and \$350 an ounce. I wanted to, but we didn't have any money to spend on gold. We were lucky just to buy the preparations we had. The gold silver ratio had changed some; from 50:1 to 55:1, not that it mattered. It didn't matter because we didn't have any. I'll tell you one thing; someone must go through the change and pull out all pre-65 coins. Our money hasn't been worth the paper or metal it's printed/coined on since '65.

It just occurred to me that I could call the tale, *Return to Flippin*. Anyway, just about the time it looked like we had it licked, ergo, might produce enough food to live and weren't going to get hit by bad guys, he comes on the radio with an announcement. I have no idea where he was hiding, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Alamogordo, who knows? Come to think of it, who cares?

*My fellow Americans,*

*While the people have been cleaning up since the attack, your government has been engaged in protecting you from further attacks from the enemy. (Which one, we have so many?) Using the few remaining assets we have, including U-2s and SR-71s, we have maintained surveillance on Iran, Pakistan and India, among others.*

*Our sources can now confirm that Iran has the bomb. (Thank you, Israel.) It is believed that they secured the necessary technology from Pakistan's AQ Khan's network.*

*Your country still possesses more nuclear weapons than were used in reprisal against the Russians and Chinese. Two B-2 Spirit Bombers, equipped with 16 B-83 nuclear weapons, departed for Iran several hours ago, were refueled in midair and have just completed their bombing runs. Initial damages assessments indicate that we have destroyed Iran's entire nuclear program and all associated sites.*

*While we do not anticipate reprisals from Iran, we are assuming a posture to prevent any possible attacks, in the event Iran smuggled any completed weapons out of their country. To this end, I have invoked existing Executive Orders not already in effect. While your government is not requiring you to turn in weapons, all firearms will be registered within the next 30 days. Contact your local law enforcement agencies to register your firearms. They, in turn, will provide the lists to the Department of Homeland Security.*

*Good Afternoon.*

"Like heck it is. Crap, this is worse than living in the PRK."

"Dad, can you really see Bubba coming around looking for guns?"

"I don't know the man, you tell me."

"His brother owns the shop where I bought your pistol and AR-15. He sells rifles for \$25

over his cost and only marks up the other items 5%. Not the usual 27% markup most stores charge.”

“So his brother is one of the good guys. What’s that have to do with Bubba?”

“Other than writing traffic tickets, has he ever given us any grief? Remember when we were out shooting? All he said was, *Y’all be careful, hear*. He knew we were shooting full autos and didn’t say a word.”

“Maybe I misjudged him. Heck, maybe I should get suppressors for my guns. It appears we’re going to be fighting our own gubermint.”

“Learning the language?”

“A word here, a phrase there, you know.”

“I’ll get you a threaded barrel for your Taurus pistol and try to get some of those Surefire Suppressors with the fast attach mounts. We’ll have to have a gunsmith install them unless you have a M14 Flash Suppressor Alignment Rod.”

“Well, I don’t have one; I don’t have any tools for my rifle.”

“Not even one of those all-in-one combo tools?”

“Nope. I used a crescent wrench adjusted to a snug fit. Pick me up a combo tool if you see one. Where are you going to find suppressors?”

“Ask me no questions and I’ll tell you no lies.”

“Where did you hear that?”

“From you, Dad.”

“Forrest said stupid is as stupid does.”

“Forrest Gump?”

“No, I made it up. Forrest’s mama always said, ‘Life is like a box of chocolates, Forrest, you never know what you’re gonna get.’ Anyway, he can’t enforce many, if any, gun regulations since the Supreme Court decision in *Heller v. District of Columbia*. They stated that gun ownership and the right to bear arms is an individual right. Since there is no Supreme Court anymore, that decision stands.”

“But, which Executive Order grants him the power to seize guns?”

“That’s the cool part Derek, there isn’t one; so he’ll have to draft it from scratch and that

will give us time to make arrangements to move our weapons out of plain sight. He will probably have it drafted and reviewed by the Attorney General or one of his subordinates. It's going to take them a while to work their way into the Ozark Mountains."

"But, Dad, we have all the stuff we took from Barstow. If we get caught with that, they'll lock us up forever."

"I guess that means we'd better not get caught. It isn't going to make any difference what kind of guns you have if you won't give 'em up. The guy in the cell next to yours might be there for a Ruger 10/22. They could hang you for a full auto firearm."

"If I get caught breaking ANY law, they'll kick me out of the National Guard. I can't risk it, I want you to take all the things from Barstow and dispose of them."

"Make you a deal. Get my suppressors and I will do just that, dispose of them. Say, I heard the area is full of caves, is that really true?"

"Yeah, they're everywhere, why?"

"Just curious, I used to be a spelunker, you know."

"When?"

"In High School, back in the '50s."

"Were you thinking of resuming your hobby?"

"I don't think so, I don't have my carbide lamp anymore."

"Can't you buy one?"

"Nope."

## Loose Ends – Chapter 7

*I will take it to the wire now  
Until every race is run  
I'll go straight into the fire now  
Until every day is done  
Voices say – break away  
Live each night as if each moment  
Was the only one*

*Through the fire  
To the wire  
When the night out of control  
Is breaking your heart  
Through the fire  
To the wire  
When the flames are burning hot  
They take you higher  
Through the fire*

*There's a feeling that I can't ignore  
Like a stranger at my door  
So revealing that I cannot hide  
When you settle up the score  
Voices say – night and day  
Live your life as if each second  
Was the final one*

*Through the fire  
To the wire  
When the night out of control  
Is breaking your heart  
Through the fire  
To the wire  
When the flames are burning hot  
They take you higher*

*I look for signs that you are here tonight  
When the passion calls the pleasure to the flame  
Then I ask you of the meaning when you talk of love  
Would you take the leap of faith?  
Would you throw it all away?*

*Through the fire...*

◦



The correct answer is that carbide lamps are no longer made in the US. You may find one on E-Bay or in an antiques shop. You can buy one from England and maybe Australia.

“I can find an electric cap light somewhere.”

“Where are you going to dispose of the weapons and explosives?”

Back in '69 I took a class called *The Great Issues*. It was during the Vietnam War and I was at a liberal college. One day we got into a discussion about WW II and the fact that we fire bombed Dresden. I didn't have the facts, back then, to thoroughly refute them. No doubt you've heard me ask who attacked Pearl Harbor to refute our nuking Hiroshima. I should have used the same tactic on the firebombing. The Germans began it by firebombing Coventry and then London. We more or less got even.

They showed us a film, *La Battaglia di Algeri*, in English *The Battle of Algiers*. Although it wasn't a documentary, it was filmed in that style plus black and white. After the French lost at Dien Bien Phu, the same French troops who lost there, ended up in Algiers to put down the FLN. In the early morning hours of 1Nov54, FLN maquisards – (guerrillas), or terrorists as they were called by the French – launched attacks in various parts of Algeria against military installations, police posts, warehouses, communications facilities, and public utilities. To increase international and domestic French attention to their struggle, the FLN decided to bring the conflict to the cities and to call a nationwide general strike. The most notable manifestation of the new urban campaign was the Battle of Algiers, which began on 30Sep56, when three women placed bombs at three sites including the downtown office of Air France.

General Jacques Massu was instructed to use whatever methods were necessary to restore order in the city. Using paratroopers, he broke the strike and then in the succeeding months systematically destroyed the FLN infrastructure in Algiers. But the FLN had succeeded in showing its ability to strike at the heart of French Algeria and in rallying and forcing a mass response to its demands among urban Muslims. Talks with the FLN reopened at Evian in May 1961; after several false starts, the French government decreed that a ceasefire would take effect on 19Mar62. In their final form, the Evian Accords allowed the colonials equal legal protection with Algerians over a three year period. These rights included respect for property, participation in public affairs, and a full range of civil and cultural rights. At the end of that period, however, all Algerian residents would be obliged to become Algerian citizens or be classified as aliens with the attendant loss of rights. The French electorate approved the Evian Accords by an overwhelming 91 percent vote in a referendum held in June 1962.

The movie covered the period from '54 through '60. A note at the end clearly said that two years after the French put down the revolt, Algeria had gained its independence. I believe, but don't know, that the point of the film was the futility of attempting to put down a revolution. I know one that didn't get put down and it started with the shot heard

around the world.

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“Son, you don’t need to know that. You should know all about ‘the need to know’, right?”

“Even if you have the security clearance, some information is not available?”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself. I’ll gather up ol’ Ma Deuce, the rockets, grenades, explosives and automatic weapons, just as soon as I get my suppressors, and dispose of them, like I said. In fact, as slow as I move, I’ll start now ‘cause we have a lot of stuff.”

I didn’t bother getting a headlamp, I had 3 Maglites. I talked to Mary’s mother and found out were there were several caves in the area. She knew of a couple that most people didn’t visit. I checked both out and selected the one that was easiest to get in and out of, but not TOO easy. Then I got Damon to hep me and we loaded up the stuff and I moved it to the cave; all by myself and it durned near to kill me. By the time Derek came up with suppressors, all the evil illegal stuff was ‘disposed of’ (think relocated).

Of course that didn’t include my personal firearms. In the evenings, I re-read all of my stories looking for some clue about how to hide them. Then, quite by accident, I got an idea and checked it out. I could put all my firearms in one place and yet get to them within a minute. With that in mind, I stored all but one, my Nazi .32 auto with 2 full clips. With a .32 auto 16 shots is enough to slow them down. He said we had another enemy to worry about; but, the way I read it, we had two to worry about, Iran AND our own gu-bermint.

It wouldn’t do to openly voice concerns; someone would construe that as inciting insurrection. A man might get away with it in the southern states, but still... If you think Dubya had bad poll ratings that were only above the overall ratings of Congress, he would be in single digits the minute he tried his gun grab. It’s not like I didn’t have a chance, the NRA called in late 2007 wanting a \$500 contribution to keep him from getting elected. But then, they always seemed to have some new issue they needed \$500 to fight. That’s the downside of being a Patron member.

Anyway, with luck, I’d get a cell with a view of the sunset. Just the firearms I kept at the apartment would get me life. If they found my cave cache, it would mean a long drop on a short rope; it was the source of extreme paranoia. Which, of course, made me even more grumpy.

There was an upside to what happened which I shouldn’t overlook – our advance preparations put us very well off after we’d suffered 3 calamities and moved to Arkansas. You can’t imagine how well we had it. Instead of searching for food to eat, we searched for replacements to replenish our stocks. Some things could be grown and others traded for. Our new medium of exchange was stabilized petroleum products. I guess gasoline was hovering at the price level that it had in Europe, about \$7.50 - \$8.00 a gallon.

On some of our trips, we'd (Damon and I) check out abandoned sporting goods or other stores. We began to accumulate all sorts of odd ball things, like ammo we couldn't use, over the counter drugs, feminine hygiene supplies, archery equipment and could have even gotten weight lifting equipment. Further checking allowed us to find things we should have, like more explosives, prescription drugs we didn't know how to use, etc. Most of the stuff went to trade goods and once he made his announcement, archery equipment was a hot seller.

The other thing that went quickly was dynamite for 'stump removal'. We could trade for the things we couldn't produce, chickens, eggs, milk, pork and beef sides plus hams and bacon. In one abandoned supermarket on the outskirts of Little Rock, we loaded up a meat saw, extra bands, a meat slicer, a tenderizer, a grinder, an assortment of knives, a sharpener and about 40 tons of canned and dried (like pasta or oatmeal) food. We had so much food, Damon loaded it into a semi he finally got to run, and we took it back and donated most of it to Flippin and Gassville. The town folks decided to use the Wal-Mart store as a distribution center because, at this time, Wal-Mart was no longer making deliveries.

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I wasn't fooled, there weren't THAT many stumps to remove. The boys and I concluded that a local militia had been formed and they were buying up the dynamite, ammo and much of the archery equipment. We found that 7.63x39mm ammo was in high demand. Derek mentioned that the SKS rifles were popular in the area.

"Dad, in general, the SKS is an excellent all-around weapon that offers slightly longer range and better accuracy than Kalashnikov AK-47, but, lacks the magazine capacity and selective-fire capabilities. For civilian use it's still hard to beat, especially when it comes to the cost/effectiveness issues. It uses the same cartridge as the AK and the guns are dirt cheap."

"They have a built-in magazine?"

"Ten rounds."

"Is there anyone selling .308?"

"Yeah, for about a buck-fifty per round. We don't need any of that, do we?"

"I was just curious, Derek. I like to know what's going on."

"Here's one for you, then. My unit got orders and we're going to be activated to get the guns."

"How can you do that and sleep at night?"

“You don’t know our Company Commander. His idea of checking for guns will be along the lines of asking people if they have any illegal guns. If they say no, he’ll take them at their word.”

“Not planning on making Major, huh?”

“It’s just that he’s already said that the Executive Order is Bullshit, but not in so many words. By the way, I’ve been promoted to Staff Sergeant.”

“It’s about time. You have what 14-years in?”

“Yeah, but they’re getting 3 new Sergeant First Class positions and I’m in line to get one.”

“What will that do for you?”

“I’ll be a Platoon Sergeant.”

What Derek was now doing related to artillery, a MOS. His unit was responsible for identifying sites to strike and their coordinates. His background in tanks really came to bear better than we initially thought. The only difference between a tank target and an artillery target was the range and the fact that artillery was sometimes non-line-of-sight. He told me that their standard issue firearm was the M16A2 and the only time they ever shot it was at the range. When he was in Iraq, he started off with an M4 and M9. Later, the M4 was replaced by a M16A2. The only time he shot in Iraq was at the range (he claimed). They were MPs escorting convoys. His unit was lucky, they only lost one man, to an IED attack.

If that Captain didn’t turn out to be the man Derek thought he was, I think his unit would now experience far more casualties. The gun camp is divided into two factions: the haves and the have-nots. The haves think the 2nd Amendment means that all decent people have the right to keep and bear any arms; the have-nots would take away all guns including pellet guns and BB-guns – Sarah Brady and her ilk.

If Sarah Brady knew what I had tucked away in the cave and my special hiding place, she’d no doubt need to change her pants. The only gun I didn’t have was a BAR. That would have been nice, but .30-06 was sort of hard to come by because so many people could use it in their sporting arms. In fact, it always had a very high trade value, especially in the soft-point hunting ammo. We didn’t find enough FMJ to make it worth it to even look for a BAR. There had been an ongoing ammo shortage, before TSHTF:

November 9, 2007: In the last two years, the United States has purchased over a billion rounds of 5.56mm ammo from Taiwan. Before September 11, 2001, the US DoD bought 350 million rounds of 5.56mm, 7.62mm and 12.7mm of ammo a year. Most of this was 5.56mm, for M-16s, M-4s and light machine-guns. By 2004, that was up to 1.2 billion

rounds. This increased to 1.5 billion rounds in 2005 and is now close to two billion rounds a year.

The US Army has one very large ammo factory at the Alliant Lake City plant in Independence, Missouri. This plant can normally only produce 1.2 billion rounds a year, although that has since been expanded to 1.5 billion rounds a year.

Additional ammo has been obtained by, first, drawing down war reserve stocks. Taking over half a billion rounds from those stocks, plus buying even more from civilian manufacturers (in the United States, Canada, Taiwan and Israel), working round the clock and putting mothballed production facilities to work, has kept the troops supplied. The current high production levels will remain until the war reserve stocks are rebuilt. In the meantime, training will continue to use more ammo than in the past. In the 1990s, use of live ammo in training had been allowed to decline. That has been stopped. Ammo usage in training will remain at high levels even after American troops leave Afghanistan and Iraq, at least until the lessons learned this time around are forgotten.

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That commentator had no idea that the war would end on January 20, 2009 or that we'd experience several calamities including, but not limited to: getting hit by a tsunami from an asteroid strike, a long spell of really bad weather and then WW III followed by another really long spell of bad weather. In this case, I could lump the asteroid strike, tsunami and bad weather into number one, WW III and the following bad weather into number two. That meant we were waiting for the final shoe to drop. Was it Obama's directive? I guess that only time would tell. Otherwise, the alternative, under the Rule of Three's, was to assume we were up to 6 had 3 more to go.

Meanwhile, I was having a lot of trouble managing my blood sugar. I think maybe I'll go back to Humalin 70/30. He had me on Lantus (long acting) and Humalog (rapid acting). I was having trouble finding it in the first place – and, it wasn't unusual for me to have hypoglycemia in the morning: 52, 51, 42, 36 and approaching 20. Those were levels he once described as being incompatible with life. Conversely, I had enough Humalin 70/30 to last for most of the rest of my life. My little refrigerator had been filled with apple juice, orange juice and Jello cups. Although I was convinced that I had reactive hypoglycemia, the evidence shows that it is a very rare condition. Therefore, Dr. J dismissed it with a wave of his hand.

The only thing in my little refrigerator these days was coke classic and candy bars. I was very happy to have them, too. You have no idea how hard it was to find Coke in the south, as opposed to Pepsi, or candy bars – which it should be noted, didn't keep well. There weren't any Costco stores in Arkansas, the home of Wal-Mart. Coke was from Atlanta and Pepsi was from North Carolina but moved to Purchase, NY. Coke discontinued C2, my favorite product, and as of early 2007 had announced the product was discontinued. Coke Zero tastes close to Crap than, whatever... the real thing?

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An Israeli Cabinet minister warned in comments that Egypt and Saudi Arabia could create an “apocalyptic scenario” in the Middle East if they are allowed to pursue their nuclear ambitions along with Iran, Agence France-Presse, Nov. 1).

“If Egypt and Saudi Arabia begin nuclear programs, this can bring an apocalyptic scenario upon us,” Israeli Strategic Affairs Minister Avigdor Lieberman told the Jerusalem Post.

“Their intentions should be taken seriously and the declarations being made now are to prepare the world for when they decide to actually do it,” said Lieberman, a hardline nationalist who coordinates Israeli measures against Iran’s nuclear program.

Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak said Oct. 29 that his government planned to build several nuclear power plants. The country abandoned its original nuclear energy program following the 1986 Chernobyl catastrophe.

Algeria, Libya, Saudi Arabia and Yemen are among the other Middle Eastern nations that have said they would pursue nuclear energy programs (Agence France-Presse, Nov. 9).

Must I remind you that WW III was fought by China, Russia and the US? We didn’t know what was going on in the Middle East until his radio announcement about Iran having the bomb and seizing the guns. One would think that seizing the guns was the last thing he would do, most countries are afraid to invade the US because the populace is so well armed.

Hmm, it’s tick... tick... tock time, again. Life is like that, when I started writing stories, gold was worth about \$300 an ounce and I told you all what a good idea it was to buy some. By late 2007, it was \$850 and on its way to \$1,000 because the dollar wasn’t worth spit. Even the Canadian dollar was running about \$1.10 to \$1.00US. Down deep in the recesses of my mind, I can remember the Lira being ~2,000 to the dollar. In 2002, the Lira was replaced by the Euro at the rate of 1,936.27 Lira to the Euro. The late 2007 exchange rate between the Euro and Dollar was about 1.50 dollar per Euro meaning a Lira was worth 1,290.85 to the Dollar.

Times change and rarely for the better. If I’d have back talked my Dad like kids talk today, I’d be buried in the cemetery in Greene. I didn’t get whupped a lot, maybe that’s because I remember most of the times it happened. Now days, if you whup your child, they put you in jail and let the brat visit you. I conclude that, if you whup ‘em, it had better be hard enough they’ll remember and not go running to good ol’ Bubba.

Derek reported for duty and they started in southern Arkansas and slowly worked their way north. He got to come home every third weekend so I sat him down and asked how it was going. He said, so far they only collected a few guns from liberals who turned

them in to avoid hassles. They had the 4473s and most people had either sold their guns in private transactions at gun shows, lost them in boating accidents or otherwise disposed of them.

Next, I asked if he'd informed his Company Commander that I had disposed of the matériel we'd obtained from MCLB, Barstow. He said yes, but there were still those 4473s showing the guns he bought. He went on to say that he'd explained that he'd given them to me, but that they'd been seized by the PRK because they were illegal in the PRK. He also claimed that he told them that he didn't know if I had any other firearms. Finally, he said if I needed to dispose of anything else, I only had about 3 weeks before his Regiment made it to the area.

"I assume you've talked to Damon and know we loaded up all that stuff and I disposed of it."

"I understand that you disposed of it by yourself."

"Yeah, it's gathering rust at the bottom of Bull Shoals."

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"Moi?"

"So where is it, really?"

"It's gathering rust in Bull Shoals."

I didn't tell him what a bitch of a time I had getting it moved to the cave. Or, how hard it had been to conceal the entrance. Nor did I go into any discussion of how fast it could be retrieved. As far as me lying to him; in a heartbeat, for a just cause. However, it wasn't a total lie – it was gathering rust near Bull Shoals, albeit slowly. What was left of the NRA probably tried to find a court to sue the government over this ill-advised gun grab. I wish them luck and no, I won't donate \$500 to the cause.

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The Insurrection Act of 1807 is the set of laws that govern the President of the United States of America's ability to deploy troops within the United States to put down lawlessness, insurrection and rebellion. The laws are chiefly contained in 10 USC § 331 – 10 USC § 335. The general aim is to limit Presidential power as much as possible, relying on state and local governments for initial response in the event of insurrection. Coupled with the Posse Comitatus Act, Presidential powers for law enforcement are limited and delayed. (A gubermint created by a Revolution prohibits Revolution.)

On September 30, 2006, the Congress modified the Insurrection Act as part of the 2007 Defense Authorization Bill. Section 1076 of the new law changes §333 of the "Insurrec-

tion Act,” and widens the President’s ability to deploy troops within the United States to enforce the laws. Under this act, the President may also deploy troops as a police force during a natural disaster, epidemic, serious public health emergency, terrorist attack, or other condition, when the President determines that the authorities of the state are incapable of maintaining public order. The bill also modified §334 of the Insurrection Act, giving the President authority to order the dispersal of either insurgents or “those obstructing the enforcement of the laws.” The new law changed the name of the chapter from “Insurrection” to “Enforcement of the Laws to Restore Public Order.”

Is it still the country we all grew up in? Yes and, unfortunately, no. While I may detest Senator Patrick Leahy, he introduced legislation in 2007 to revert the Insurrection Act back to its original form. Never happened, the Democrats had their 100 day agenda and they were too busy not passing it to pass Leahy’s bill. The public was left up shit creek without a paddle, but man, did the President have power. Dubya must have thought he was going to rule forever and the Republican candidate would get elected.

Now I have most of our hardware stored in a cave and the remainder hidden somewhere in our apartment. I won’t tell you where it is, but I will tell you that I got the idea from one of our cats. It takes me longer to open the rifle case than retrieve the case. It’s not hard to find the cases, if you know where to look. You can’t actually see them, but you can feel them. Yank on the rope to release the slip knot and they’re available. I didn’t tell the boys where they were either. What they didn’t know couldn’t hurt Sharon or me.

“Dad, I think that we should be getting back to Britt.”

“Why, do you have a doctor’s appointment? It’s not like you’re living with Derek and Mary and the two of you have your own apartment. If you want to go north, stop by Charles City and see if the bank has any more money for us.”

“Are you getting low?”

“Heck no. We have more money now than when we had an income. My drugs are free for a little gas, that I should point out we get for free. We sell most of the leftovers and occasionally give some away. Should have gotten into salvage when I was a young man.”

“Who is your best friend, Ron?”

“Ron is a friend and my sponsor. I think your best friend is someone you would trust with your life and the life of your family.”

“What’s his favorite rifle, a M1A?”

“I think he has a semi-auto M14, but I also know he had a fair amount of .30-06. I never asked if it was for a bolt action rifle or a Garand. He doesn’t like poodle shooters any



more than I do. Well, they're ok – for shooting poodles.”

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Kim du Toit

October 29, 2007 7:29 AM

Quite a few people sent me a link to a website which purports to list the 10 “Most Manly” guns in the world.

Well, eight out of ten ain't bad. For the record, the guns listed (in reverse order) are:

10. SMLE (no problems there; it killed millions of bad guys in its time)
9. Mosin-Nagant M44, and in fact any of the M-N models (ditto)
8. Glock (errrr no, it's made of plastic, and I don't care how “rugged” it is – manly men use wood and steel, and easy on the wood)
7. Schmidt-Rubin K31 (no problems with that one)
6. AK47 (none there either)
5. S&W Model 29 revolver (also a double plus goodie)
4. AR-15 (you have got to be kidding me; the poodle shooter is manly? maybe in France)
3. Remington 870 pump shotgun (pew, back to the really manly pieces)
2. Colt 1911 (perhaps the ultimate manly handgun)
1. Barrett M82 .50 BMG (even manly men swoon over this fella)

Okay, allow me to offer a couple of alternatives to the Tupperware Twins above:

Marlin 1895 .45-70 Govt – about as manly a gun as was ever made (substitute Winchester 94 as desired)

Colt Single Action Army .45 Colt – 'nuff said.

## Loose Ends – Chapter 8

*I see life and it's passin' right before my eyes  
And the past is the past don't regret it, time to realize  
I need to walk on the wire just to catch my breath,  
I don't know how or where but I'm goin' it's all that I have left*

*It don't matter where it takes me  
Long as I can keep this feeling runnin' through, my soul*

*Never took this road before – destination unknown  
Oh oh oh ohohoh – destination unknown  
Won't be coming back this way gotta go it alone  
Oh oh oh ohohoh – destination unknown*

*See a chance gotta take it wanna meet my fate  
'Cause the last thing I ever wanted was to find out it's too late  
No way out when you're in it deeper than the night  
There's a light at the end of the tunnel and I see it burning bright*

*It don't matter where it takes me  
Long as I can keep this feeling soarin' through, my soul*

*Never took this road before – destination unknown  
Oh oh oh ohohoh – destination unknown  
Won't be comin' back this way gotta go it alone  
Oh oh oh ohohoh – destination unknown*

o

Note that “manly” doesn't mean “shoots big-ass bullets” or else we could spend all day looking at .416 Rigbys and the like. These are just guns which manly men would gravitate to.

So do you agree with Kim? I do, but I liked his website because once a week he posted pictures of really good looking women. It wasn't the site to visit if you were looking for pictures of Shirley Temple and no, they weren't naked and the rating wasn't worse than PG.

I wanted an 870, but any shotgun good enough for the Marine Corps gets my vote, even if it ended up costing more. Yeah, it cost more than an 870, but I think it's worth it: 9 shots, heavier barrel, ghost ring sights and sling swivels. Got the sling from Mossberg and completed the package. Should have bought the aftermarket sling with 15 shell loops.

Although most of the ammo we picked up at Barstow for the 5.56 was M855, e.g.,

SS109, Derek like the ammo we found when we went salvaging. About 90% of that was soft pointed hunting ammo and he thought that coming out the 20" barrel of the A3s gave him a very dangerous package. I thought 7.62 soft pointed ammo coming out of the 22" barrel of my M1A gave me a more dangerous package. A very manly package and quiet with the suppressor installed! Well, sort of silent, the bullet is moving around 2,875fps, so it's supersonic.

How did my list compare to the list Kim had? He didn't list LAWs, M203s, hand grenades, explosives or the venerable Ma Deuce. About the same I guess, but I ain't Dirty Harry so I don't need a .44 Magnum, the former most powerful handgun in the world. I got my PT1911 and it's finished better than an off-the-shelf Colt. What's the difference, the Kenyan is going to (try to) get the guns? Will he succeed? He will unless some people may just ignore the Insurrection Act and all the laws that changed it under our pal Dubya. Last I heard someone claimed they saw him boarding a plane for Paraguay. I think they call his new ranch *Crawford South*.

Within a month the Arkansas National Guard had checked every living person in Arkansas looking for the weapons. Derek said that based on the number of guns seized, Arkansas was probably just as well armed as before the gun roundup. I'd observe that sending the ANG to seize weapons from the citizens of Arkansas was about the same as hiring the fox to guard the chickens. The only thing it accomplished was pissing the citizens off.

By now, we had been in the state for a full year and I went to the local state police headquarters and asked for the forms to apply for a CCW. I gave him the completed forms, was fingerprinted and paid the fee. The Watch Sergeant immediately issued my CCW.

"I thought you had to send it to Little Rock, run a background check and I'd have to wait."

"Ain't no Little Rock. Ain't no NCIC. Have you ever been arrested for any offense?"

"Yeah, back in '65 for public intoxication."

"Anything else?"

"Nope."

The permit is temporary until we can check with NCIC, but I really doubt they'll ever get it up. Mind if I ask a question?"

"Shoot."

"Why do you need a CCW for, the President ordered the seizure of all firearms?"

“Maybe for Chits and Giggles, I’ve never had one and don’t actually have a gun.”

“Then regardless of whether you qualify, it doesn’t really make any difference, does it?”

“No, I guess not.”

“You do know that having that permit doesn’t grant you the right to own a firearm?”

“But, the Constitution does, doesn’t it?”

“Maybe so, but don’t get caught with one.”

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It was just a piece of paper, but I stuck it in my expired Passport that I carried as a second form of ID. I wasn’t about to renew my Passport, even if I could; not with the RFID chips they were using these days. It was about then that my family started scheming about the various ways we could fix the prez. Derek started the discussion while we were gathered around the kitchen table drinking coffee.

“Dad disposed of all of our illegal firepower, does anyone have any ideas what we can do?”

“I know where that stuff is located in Bull Shoals. You tell me what you want and I bring it up for you.”

“Any other ideas that aren’t likely to end us up in prison?”

He went around the table and one by one, everyone shook his or her head.

“Just how long would it take you to retrieve our military supplies?”

“An hour, give or take. Less if I had some help.”

“Derek, you tell us what to get and I’ll go with Dad to pull it off the lake bottom.”

“Do you scuba equipment or anything?”

“Nope, the water’s not very deep.”

“How long to bring it all back?”

“Half a day, there’s lots of ammo; it weighs a ton.”

“Then don’t bring it all up. We can get by with 1,000 rounds of linked .50 and 2,000 each of 7.62 and 5.56. You can also bring a case each of defensive and offensive grenades,

72 40mm grenades and 10 LAWs.”

“Ok if I get some of the ammo for my Mk 15?”

“Maybe 200 rounds.”

It took us 20 minutes to get to the cave, 10 minutes to open it, an hour to load up the list of supplies, another 10 minutes to close the cave plus 20 minutes to return home. We were back in two hours, loaded for bear. Derek took a while to check everything out and then said, “It doesn’t look to me like this stuff has been anywhere near water.”

“Yeah, don’t you just love the gubermint packaging?”

o

Derek was totally convinced I hadn’t disposed of the matériel. He didn’t flat out call me a liar, but I could see in his face that he felt betrayed.

“Son, I relocated the stuff instead of dumping it in the lake. Believe me when I tell you that no one can find it. Feel free to ask Damon, he’ll tell you how lucky I got finding the nearly perfect hiding place. Anyway, since I lied to you, you’re in the clear and not one person can blame you for the matériel showing up.”

“I should have known – you’re always using that expression, my cold dead hands. I suppose you have guns in your apartment, too.”

“I do. Go ahead, see if you can find them, it will be a good test of my security.”

“Maybe later, Dad. If I found them now, I just might take them away from you.”

I think this might be called a schism within the ranks. Wasn’t the first time and probably wouldn’t be the last. The only difference between this time and any other time was those 4 stripes on the sleeve of his uniform. Plus, he was on the short list to pick up a fifth stripe. I had a secret personal goal, to see him reach E-9. Maybe, provided he stayed in for 30 years, he would reach that level. I’d be proud of him whatever rank he reached. At the moment, he was already two grades higher than either Damon or I had reached.

Meanwhile, we had to find a place in the apartment complex to store the things Damon and I brought back from the cave. After some thought, Derek decided to store the stuff at his place. Since it was all current issue, he could claim he’d understood that he was supposed to store the stuff for his unit, in case of a late night call up. Could be, but a Ma Deuce with a tripod and 5 cans of tanker combat mix?

We just kept keeping on and about three months later, the Kenyan came on the radio claiming that the gun roundup had been an amazing success. Yeah, right! You didn’t

really think he'd come on the radio and claim he hadn't got the guns, did you? Not only had he not gotten the guns, he now had about 100 million out of the population of 150 million mad at him. I'd even heard some talk, I can't tell you where, about restoring the Confederacy.

◦

The state of Arkansas was a part of the CSA during the Civil War, and provided a source of troops, supplies, and military and political leaders for the fledgling country.

Arkansas had become the 25th state of the US, on 15Jun36, entering as a slave state. Antebellum Arkansas was still a wilderness in most areas, rural and sparsely populated. As a result, it did not have early military significance when states began seceding from the Union.

Arkansas refused to join the Confederate States of America until after Lincoln called for troops to respond to the attack of Fort Sumter by Confederate forces in South Carolina. It finally seceded from the Union on 6May61. Despite its relative lack of strategic importance, the state was the scene of numerous small-scale battles during the Civil War.

Under the Military Reconstruction Act, Congress readmitted Arkansas in June 1868.

◦

It was more than a little obvious to me that my youngest son had something in mind. Otherwise, why would he have sent Damon and me to recover the matériel from Bull Shoals? When it turned out that I actually hadn't disposed of it, as instructed, and had secreted it, he probably had to rethink his plan(s). As head of the family, I resented being left out and not knowing what was going down. My resentment was probably about equal to the way he felt upon learning that I'd hidden our stuff. More correctly, the stuff we stole from MCLB, Barstow.

"Alright, it's time to sit down and discuss what I have in mind."

"Good, I thought I was going to die of old age before I found out. Something clever, I hope."

"I don't think it's particularly clever, just functional. Most of my unit doesn't go along with what he ordered and consequently, we didn't press very hard to collect weapons. We got a few hunting rifles and defensive shotguns from liberals, but we stored them rather than destroying them. The Adjutant General refuses to obey any more orders from the White House. He told the Governor that just last night. Our Captain says the AG doesn't believe that some of those laws we're being task to enforce are legal."

"So?"

“With the Governor’s approval, we’re closing the Arkansas borders.”

“That’s one heck of a bunch of roads, do you have enough troops?”

“We do, provided we have help from the Militia.”

“What militia? And, how many roads are you going to close?”

“There are 18 major highways entering Arkansas. It’s really hard to say how many secondary roads there are. They’re working on that at the moment. The militia is part of the Constitution of the US and Arkansas. We don’t have a State Defense Force, per se. However, in times of emergency, the Governor can activate a militia made up of all able bodied men. I think that pretty well excludes you, Dad. You can stay here and coordinate our communications. We’ll cover State Routes 125 and 5.”

“I don’t understand, Derek.”

“Simple, the Militia Act of 1903 places every able bodied man ages 17 to 45, under the control of the Governor.”

“So, the Governor is using a federal law to implement a system to oppose the federal gubermint?”

“Yeah.”

“And, even though we only have one machine gun, you’re going to cover two highways?”

“I can get another Ma Deuce, but only limited ammunition. We have plenty of LAW rockets. Plus I’m in an artillery unit and we can supply a few mortars. Our Platoon Leader said he would see to it that we got at least 60mm mortars and, if possible, 81mm mortars.”

“That’s not much firepower. The gubermint has tanks.”

“Yeah and airplanes with missiles and bombs. No one said it was going to be easy. We will have the terrain advantage.”

“Ok, how are we going to be organized?”

“Two of my Sergeants will each take half of our militia and cover the two highways where they cross the state line. I’ll be in overall charge and keep a small contingent in reserve. You and Damon will cover communications – we have to have constant comms.”

“So, if one of the road crossings gets attacked by the feds, you’ll go there?”

“Yes and my company will make sure each crossing in this general area is covered by artillery. Other units will cover the other road crossings.”

“You know, I’ve never really fought in a war.”

“If this works out the way it’s supposed to, that won’t change.”

“But, if it doesn’t, I’m not sure I could shoot an American soldier.”

“What if he... or she... were going to shoot you?”

“I have no idea. Let’s just hope we don’t find ourselves in that position. There’s something dishonorable about using American weapons on American soldiers.”

◦

Our military operates under Rules of Engagement. Going back to Vietnam, President Johnson established the ROE tying the hands of our military. Not that Nixon was any better, the point is, the ROE should be established by the Field Commander and he should be given wide latitude in determining what can and can’t be done. The AG established very loose ROE and they filtered down to the Platoon Leaders who delegated the responsibilities to his Platoon Sergeants. Thus my son found himself in the position of implementing the ROE for his two Platoons of Militia.

The ROE deals with four issues:

- When military force may be used,
- Where military force may be used,
- Against whom force should be used in the circumstances described above, and
- How military force should be used to achieve the desired ends.

The ROE take two forms: Actions a soldier may take without consulting a higher authority, unless explicitly forbidden (sometimes called ‘command by negation’) and second, actions that may only be taken if explicitly ordered by a higher authority (sometimes called ‘positive command’).

In addition to a typically large set of standing orders, military personnel will be given additional rules of engagement before performing any mission or military operation. These can cover circumstances such as how to retaliate after an attack, how to treat captured targets, which territories the soldier is bound to fight into, and how the force should be used during the operation.

The ROE are extremely important:

1. They provide a consistent, understandable and repeatable standard on how forces



act. Typically they are carefully thought out in detail well in advance of an engagement and may cover a number of scenarios, with different rules for each.

2. They assist in the synchronization of political-diplomatic and military components of a strategy by allowing political commanders to better understand, forecast and tailor the actions of a force.

There are two types of errors:

- Excessively tight ROE can constrain a commander from performing his mission effectively, called a Type I error. It is typical for the political leadership to constrain the actions of military commanders. This is often a source of tension between the political leaders, who are trying to accomplish a political or diplomatic objective, and the military commanders, who are trying to make the most effective use of their forces. Sagan provides an excellent discussion of this topic. The UN Peacekeeper's ROE (see UNAMIR) during the Rwandan Genocide is a tragic example of too restrictive ROE.
- Excessively loose ROE can facilitate the escalation of a conflict which, while being tactically effective, negates the political objectives that the use of force was meant to achieve. This is a Type II error or "escalatory" error.

ROE are driven by three sets of considerations: policy, legal, and military. An example of a policy-driven rule is Executive Order 11850, which prohibits first use of riot control agents and herbicides without Presidential approval. An example of a legal-driven rule is the prohibition, "hospitals, churches, shrines, schools, museums, and any other historical or cultural sites will not be engaged except in self-defense." An example of a military-driven rule is the commonly encountered requirement for observed indirect fires for the purpose of effective target engagement. ROE are not the same as fire control measures. Fire control measures are implemented by commanders based on tactical considerations. An example of a fire control measure serving tactical purposes is the common requirement in ground operations that the artillery tubes organic to a unit will not fire beyond a designated fire support coordination line (FSCL); this ensures an efficient division of labor between fires controlled at one level and those controlled by higher levels of command. Moreover, it helps prevent fratricide by indirect fire.

The purposes of ROE quite often overlap; rules implementing strategic policy decisions may serve an operational or tactical military goal while simultaneously bringing US forces in compliance with domestic or international law. As a result, troops in the field may not always appreciate the reasons why a leader fashioned a particular rule.

ROE must evolve with mission requirements and be tailored to mission realities. ROE should be a flexible instrument designed to best support the mission through various operational phases and should reflect changes in the threat. (Source: FM 100.5; JP 3-07)

◦

"What are the Rules of Engagement going to be?"

“Don’t do anything you wouldn’t be proud to tell your Mama about.”

“What, no let the enemy shoot first?”

“We won’t start it, but when it appears they’re going to, we’ll take ‘em down. Dad, we’ll play it by ear. I don’t care what Damon and you work out as a working schedule, just make sure the radios are covered 24/7.”

“I don’t suppose you could go to either Ft. Bliss or Ft. Knox and pick up a few Abrams?”

“Actually the closest location with tanks is Shreveport. I don’t think we’ll do it because we don’t have trained crews nor any of the HETS. On top of that, there would be a problem of logistics – supplying ammo, replacement equipment and fuel.”

Years before, when he was in the Iowa National Guard, the feds sold them several M1A1s. The equipment was un-refurbished and basically junk. The state of Iowa, having spent their budget on the tanks, lacked the money to make more than minor repairs. An Abrams requires a fair amount of upkeep and those turbines have been rebuilt a dozen times or more. If Iowa hadn’t purchased them, they probably would have ended up in a bone yard.

This militia project was strictly off-the-cuff last minute planning by a state and a Governor who had it up to here with the feds doing nothing to help the state, yet imposing ridiculous laws and expecting the state to enforce them. Both Damon and I heard of similar situations in other states, via ham radio. None of the states were seceding; they were just telling feds to leave them alone and sealing their borders. Since there had been no word from Missouri, Derek’s unit still had to watch the northern border crossings.

On the radio, we heard terms like civil unrest, civil disobedience and similar but never secede or Civil War. If you’re interested in the subject, read Henry David Thoreau’s 1849 piece ‘Resistance to Civil Government’. Just don’t say it doesn’t work, it has and it will continue to accomplish the stated goals. Although, I must admit, it’s not as fast as a bullet... 600 yards. If 400 yards is 6 clicks of elevation on my rifle, I wonder how many clicks are needed for 600 yards.

Another thing about our Civil War (the first one):

- Missouri did not secede but a rump group proclaimed secession (31Oct61).
- Kentucky did not secede but a rump, unelected group, proclaimed secession (20Nov61).

Nothing good can come out of a Civil War unless your goal is to reduce the population. True, there will be a few military improvements like: repeating rifles, rifled cannons, Gatling guns, ironclads and a submarine. In the mid-19th century, most of the industrial

base of the country was in the north, while the south had an agricultural base. Both sides had heroes: Lee, Grant, Jackson and Sherman, to name a few. George Armstrong Custer doesn't count very high in my book, but Derek likes him because his Cavalry unit was part of the Seventh. Can you imagine the outcome of the Battle of the Little Big Horn if Custer had bothered to take his Gatling guns? One little, two little, three little Indians... four little, five little, six little Indians...

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initially, there was a minor amount of traffic attempting to cross into Arkansas. They were stopped and turned around. In a very short while, Missouri Troopers had the roads leading into Arkansas blocked. They then notified Derek's units that they'd have no more friendly traffic. I'm still deciding whether that was a good or bad thing, at least they could presume they'd have a fight with anyone who did show up. For the next few weeks, it seemed that the feds had bigger fish to fry.

Give me the good old fashioned Civil Defense Program, at least they built and stocked shelters. Next came FEMA as a standalone agency and things began collapsing over time. Finally, FEMA was rolled up into the Department of Homeland Insecurity and I knew we were in trouble. Hurricane Katrina revealed the truth, FEMA didn't have the cajones to make Louisiana take the help, assuming they could have provided it. The Governor didn't get reelected but good ol' C. Ray Nagin did.

My dog Missy was getting long in the tooth and didn't really breathe right anymore. It wasn't that she didn't get cared for, the vet bill was higher than my doctor bill. Then, she got this lump in her back and I assumed maybe it was cancer. It was a terrible distraction, what with manning the radios 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. Not an unpleasant distraction, that's for sure, but a distraction nevertheless. I have no idea where she found them, but Sharon always seemed to come up with treats for our pets.

Once Missy figured out we had treats, she'd beg and beg. When I finally got her convinced that NO meant no, she'd want outside to do her business and then right back in to get a treat for doing it. She was the ultimate con man, my dog Missy. Her legal name, registered with the AKC, was Precious Mystique. But, her everyday name was Missy. Then, she started to wheeze and had that lump in her shoulder. I had radio duty so Sharon took her to the vet. I was worried, let me tell you.

## Loose Ends – Chapter 9

*You never close your eyes anymore when I kiss your lips.  
And there's no tenderness like before in your fingertips.  
You're trying hard not to show it, (baby).  
But baby, baby I know it...*

*You've lost that lovin' feeling,  
Whoa, that lovin' feeling,  
You've lost that lovin' feeling,  
Now it's gone...gone...gone...wooooooh.*

*Now there's no welcome look in your eyes  
when I reach for you.  
And now you're starting to criticize little things I do.  
It makes me just feel like crying, (baby).  
'Cause baby, something in you is dying.*

*You lost that lovin' feeling,  
Whoa, that lovin' feeling,  
You've lost that lovin' feeling,  
Now it's gone...gone...gone...woooooah*

*Baby, baby, I get down on my knees for you.*

*If you would only love me like you used to do, yeah.*

*We had a love...a love...a love you don't find everyday.*

*So don't...don't...don't...don't let it slip away.*

*Baby (baby), baby (baby),  
I beg of you please...please,  
I need your love (I need your love),  
I need your love (I need your love),  
So bring it on back (So bring it on back),  
Bring it on back (so bring it on back).*

*Bring back that lovin' feeling,  
Whoa, that lovin' feeling  
Bring back that lovin' feeling,  
'Cause it's gone...gone...gone,  
and I can't go on,  
noooo...*

*Bring back that lovin' feeling,*

*Whoa, that lovin' feeling  
Bring back that lovin' feeling,  
'Cause it's gone...gone...*

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Missy turned out to be ok, this time. The radio traffic suddenly dropped off and many of the hams I regularly listened to were off the air. I mostly listened, going online only when I had a question or needed a clarification.

Someone was talking about WW II, one day, and mentioned both Wake and Midway. We all know the names, but do we know much about them besides the battles that took place? Midway is located at: 28:12N 177:21W and Wake is located at: 19:18N 166:38E. Therefore starting at Midway, it is:

1183 miles (1904 km) (1028 nautical miles)  
Initial heading from 28:12:00N 177:21:00W to 19:18:00N 166:38:00E:  
west-southwest (242.3 degrees)

From Wake to Midway is:

Initial heading from 19:18:00N 166:38:00E to 28:12:00N 177:21:00W:  
northeast (55.8 degrees)

Might be useful if we ever bomb the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, again. You know what? Maybe if the Japanese had bombed us instead, the liberals wouldn't mind our nuking Hiroshima and Nagasaki. What am I saying??? We firebombed Germany in retaliation for them firebombing Coventry and London; why is it that the liberals have such selective memories? They disapproved of just about every military action we ever took. Perhaps the sole exception was the first Gulf War because it only lasted 100 hours once the ground campaign began. However, we had one MIA, a naval aviator named Scott Speicher. We found his plane, but we never found his body.

Sharon said the prez was on the radio again and I was so disgusted I didn't even ask what he said. If I could get my hands on his neck, I swear I'd wring it. Later, Derek wanted to know what I thought of the broadcast. I had to explain that I hadn't listened and wasn't really interested. That pulled him up to full height, let me tell you.

"But Dad, he announced that they have managed to secure most of Tennessee and we're next!"

"I don't suppose that the Kenyan is leading the troops?"

"I doubt it, why?"

“I’d just love to wring his scrawny neck.”

◦

“I need to know where the remainder of the matériel is.”

“Why?”

“We’re going to pass it out. We need to find some place we can hole up, if necessary.”

“Well, there is always Bull Shoals Caverns.”

“A cave?”

“It worked the last time I did it. Can’t remember which story (The Rock), but we stayed in Carlsbad Caverns.”

“How did that work out?”

“We survived.”

“You said story? Dad this is real life, not fiction!”

“All of life is fiction. They even announced it and you weren’t paying attention. Do you remember George Herbert Walker Bush with his 1,000 points of lights and his New World Order? Right, that’s some of that crap put out by the Round Table, Trilateral Commission and Council of Foreign Relations. They don’t care what political party you belong to, if you’re in power, they recruit you. They want one world government and one world military, the UN. Even we could take the UN! In accepting the Republican nomination he said, “Read my lips: no new taxes.”

“If that’s the case, who is on our side?”

“Son, they are few and far between. Some are squirrels and some used to go to different websites that had essentially the same goals. They’re Patriots, some proven, some not. Every one of them has his heart and head in the right place if they are truly a Patriot and support this great country of ours.”

“I did my four,” Damon chimed in.

“That you did. How long did you sign up for?”

“Six.”

“Seems to me that you still owe ‘em two.”

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“So tell me Dad, how many times did you shoot your rifle when you were in the Air Force?”

“Every time they allowed me to.”

“How many times was that?”

“Three. Two times in basic in ‘61 and once in ‘64.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Easy, when we qualified in ‘64, they let us look at an M-16.”

“And you never shot a big rifle until when?”

“Assuming a .30-30 counts, 1963. I think the next time was December, 2006 when Derek, Mary and I took my M1A to the range.”

“Derek said you were a good shot.”

“It’s easier when you get your eyes fixed and learn to slow down and take your time. I didn’t shoot beyond 100 yards, but Derek shot out to 400 yards. I have to assume that I’m good for 300 yards or more.”

Damon was on a roll. “Derek what do you have against the M1A?”

“Nothing.”

“Then why do you prefer that poodle shooter?”

“You can carry more ammo.”

“And, the 9mm?”

“Same reason, plus I qualified Expert.”

“Your normal load out is 210 rounds of 5.56 and 45 rounds of 9mm, right?”

“That’s the normal load out, yes.”

“But Dad carries 300 rounds of 7.62 and 57 rounds of .45.”

“He doesn’t wear any body armor, he doesn’t carry a fanny pack and when he gets where he’s going, he’s too tired to fire the guns.”

“Is that right Dad?”

“He forgot Rambo 1, my flashlight, folding knife and my multitool.”

“No, the other part.”

“Oh. He’s wrong, I’m not too tired to shoot, I’m just too tired to aim.”

“What would you do?”

“Spray and pray.”

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When I made the remark, I forgot for a moment that my rifle and poodle shooter were both semi-autos. Later, when we went to the cave to recover the remainder of our supplies, I took an A3 with the M203 and 36 grenades. I also kept the Mk 15 and ammo plus one crate of LAWs and every kind of hand grenades. My thinking was we’d have one really big rifle, one long range rifle, 2 poodle shooters, a shotgun and 3 handguns to defend the home place. There was enough of the .50BMG to wear out the barrel on the rifle plus enough to do the same to my M1A. We had 5,000 rounds of 5.56 to share between the two ARs and my 500 rounds of 00 Buck. The problem was that the apartment had wood siding (it could have been vinyl). That won’t stop a bullet, or even 00 Buck.

“Mary, where would we go to get sandbags?”

“I don’t know. Want me to ask my mom?”

“Would you?”

“Sure. Why do you want sandbags?”

“To put sand in?”

“Obviously, but why?”

“Well, the walls of the buildings won’t stop bullets. What would happen if, somehow, the other guys got past our roadblocks or found a way to skirt them altogether? It would be very difficult to put up much of a defense here unless we felt secure in our homes.”

“You’re going to sandbag the walls?”

“That’s what I had in mind, yes.”

“I’ll have to check with Derek about that, I don’t know if the complex owner would ap-



prove.”

“Please ask your mom about the sandbags, just in case. Damon and I can fill them and store them, if nothing else.”

Long story short, Mary’s mom said we could get them free from the fire department. Damon and I found a source of sand and began filling sandbags. Then we stored them by lining the inside of our walls with the filled bags. Surely the building owner couldn’t complain about that. We had the protection and didn’t turn the apartment complex into a junkyard. We filled enough bags over the course of three weeks to provide for every apartment occupied by a member of the family. The bags for Derek and Mary’s unit were set aside until he had a chance to find out what was permitted and what wasn’t.

My bride wasn’t happy about the mess having sandbags inside of the house made. All it actually did was shrink the size of the apartment by about 24”. We placed the sandbags along the front and back walls running the long way. I would have preferred having two layers, but we barely had room for a single layer inside the apartments. We still had empty sandbags and Damon suggested we fill them and store them with the bags we had for Derek and Mary. It took far longer to fill the bags than it did to put them in place. With our advantage of having the comms, he suggested that we might find out enough in advance to put in the outside layer and the owner be danged.

I told him fine, but I needed a week to get my back healed up a little before we tried to hurt my muscles any worse. He said never mind and got someone else to help him. By the time I healed my back enough to help out, they had the bags all filled and stacked.

“Did I time it right? Or, do you still have more sandbags to fill?”

“No, you timed it perfect, they’re all filled. I’ve got to rest, my back is killing me.”

“Wait a minute, I have some Mineral Ice; best thing I know of for aching muscles.”

“Ok, give me some and I’ll get her to put it on after I get a shower.”

“Bring back any you have left over, that stuff is hard to come by.”

There are all kind of compounds containing menthol and Mineral Ice may be one of the weaker compounds. It’s 2% menthol while extra strength Ben Gay is 10% menthol and Icy Hot Extra Strength is 16%. However, for my needs, the weaker stuff worked far better than the stuff that burned my hide off. I’ve tried most of them and Ben Gay was very low on my list.

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Like so many things, the choice of an analgesic is personal preference, the same as your choice of a main battle rifle. You sure can’t go wrong if you select a Garand based

firearm, be it the M1 Garand or the civilian version of the M14 rifle, the M1A. A civilian bolt action rifle in either caliber would be a good second choice but slow. I'd rather have a M1903A3 than any civilian rifle because you can load it with stripper clips. If you remember that top ten list that Kim published, many of those firearms can also be loaded from a clip.

A real shooting enthusiast knows the difference between a clip and a magazine. A magazine is a container holding rounds of ammunition that is inserted into a firearm. A clip holds cartridges that are inserted in the magazine, be it an internal magazine to the firearm or a separate magazine, as is the case with the M1A. The Garand is a hybrid in which the 8 round enbloc clip is inserted intact into the firearm. It has negatives, not the least of which is the inability to reload a partly empty clip. Many people incorrectly refer to magazines using the name clip.

To expand on the Garand/M14 idea, the M14 is essentially an improved Garand. The enbloc clip was eliminated and replaced with a 20-round box magazine. The cartridge was still a .30 caliber, but shortened and used improved powder to yield ~ the performance of the .30-06. The designers stopped short, however, and failed to take into account the BM-59, also a modified Garand. Had they done so, we would never had to shoot as many poodles because the M14 rifle would have been controllable in full-auto firing mode. If you choose not to believe me, ask BM-59 Fan. The thing is the M14 was too heavy and too long to work well in the jungles of Vietnam. Had they waited and made sure they had all the bugs worked out on the M16, acceptance would probably have been higher.

The M16 rifle has a 20" barrel and the carbine a 16" or shorter barrel. The secret to the success of the cartridge depends greatly on the velocity of the bullet. The longer the barrel, the higher the velocity. Heavier bullets require faster twist rates, too. If you opt for the 20" barrel with a 1:7 twist, you should be able to handle all of the ammo out there. Just be sure the cartridges contain the right powder and the rifle comes with the mandatory cleaning kit. This is one case where cleanliness is next to Godliness. Better yet, get yourself a G36 made by H&K, or the HK416. You could go for a man's gun and choose the HK417 in 7.62x51mm. But whatever you do, more barrel is almost always better.

I've been wondering about something. Barrett discontinued the M109 Payload rifle (25mm) because the recoil was too heavy for anyone to tolerate. Why didn't they resume production when they came up with the soft mount? I don't really believe that the pintle cares one little bit how much recoil the M109 had. On the other hand, the gubermint hadn't fielded the M307 either; ammo problems? The truth was, Barrett produced 10 prototype weapons and testing was to continue through Dec07.

The full story:

The Barrett XM109 is a 25 mm sniper rifle still under development by the Barrett Firearms Company.

The Barrett M82A1 rifle was used in 2002 as a platform for the experimental OSW (Objective Sniper Weapon) prototype. The M82A1 rifle was fitted with a shorter barrel of 25 mm caliber, and fired low-velocity high explosive shells developed for 25 mm OCSW automatic grenade launcher. The experimental OSW showed an increased effectiveness against various targets but the recoil was beyond human limitations. This weapon, also known as the Barrett Payload Rifle, has now been designated the XM109.

The XM109, originally known as the Objective Sniper Weapon (OSW) or as Barrett's Payload Rifle, is a semi-automatic anti-matériel rifle, designed primarily for engagement of light vehicles and similar materiel targets. The design is in many ways simply a scaled up upper receiver for the M82/M107 series of .50BMG (12.7 mm) caliber rifles currently in service with the US Army and US Marine Corps. In fact, it has been designed with this in mind, and the upper receiver of those rifles can be replaced with an XM109 upper receiver to form a fully functional XM109 rifle.

The 25x59mm cartridge is used in the XM109 and the XM307 (product of the Objective Crew Served Weapon/OCSW program). The XM109 is in development most likely to provide commonality of ammunition for better logistics should the XM307 systems be fielded, more or less phasing out Brown Machine Gun (the Ma Deuce). As with the XM307, the XM109 can be reconfigured back to .50 BMG should the need, necessity, or export market require it to be done (The XM312 crew served weapon is more or less a .50 BMG version of the XM307 and has some 70% parts commonality with the parent system).

The XM109 offers greater range and a shorter overall length than the previous M82/M107 systems, as well as potentially greater power in the 25x59 mm cartridge over even the Mk 211 .50 BMG cartridge (aka "Raufoss round"). They eventually fielded the M25 as the XM25 CDTE, briefly.

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After we prepared as much as circumstances permitted, all a person could do was sit back and wait. Whatever came next wasn't up to us, we would respond to nearly anything, if we could. That left me with free time on my hands and a chance to reflect. Had I been able to go back and do things over, I/we would do several things differently. First, we'd have found the money to install a backyard bomb shelter. I guess we could have borrowed more money on our home. Had we done that, we probably could have remained there. Secondly, I knew in my heart that the price of gold would soar, it had done it before and was sure to do it again. Therefore, I/we would have loaded up on gold and silver; even pre-65 silver coins would have worked. Gold seemed to outperform silver so we'd have been better off investing in gold. That said, with gold hovering well above \$1,000 an ounce, even a 0.10 ounce gold coin was equal to a Ben Franklin. A person would have needed silver to have any smaller denomination.

A pre-1965 half-dollar contained 0.36169 ounce of silver when minted, which means a

\$1,000 face bag (2000 coins) contained 723 ounces. However, because of wear, a bag of half-dollars (\$1,000 face) will net 718-720 ounces of silver if smelted. A bag of dimes or quarters will yield about 715 ounces. A bag of 90% silver half-dollars weighs right at 55 pounds on a bathroom scale.

Investors who buy silver and gold for survival purposes fear the worst. Those fears include the Federal Reserve printing so many dollars that the dollar will become worthless, which is the history of all paper currencies not redeemable in gold or silver. Fear of a financial meltdown, which would close banks as in Argentina and Paraguay in 2002, is another.

Argentines and Paraguayans who had to foresight to bail out of the banking systems and convert their assets to gold or coin silver were protected. Not only did banks close, but also when they reopened depositors were limited in the amount of money they could withdraw. Meanwhile, the Argentinean Peso and the Paraguayan Guaraní sank in value. Shortly after those crises, Brazil defaulted on its international debt and its paper currency, the Real, sank.

Those are the kinds of situations that investors who buy coin silver and small gold coins for survival purposes want to protect against. In doing so, these investors buy silver and gold in forms that can be used for money or to barter for goods and services.

The best forms of silver for survival purposes are pre-1965 US 90% silver coins and 1-oz silver rounds. The most useful forms of gold would be fractional-ounce gold coins, such as the  $\frac{1}{10}$ -oz Gold Eagles, the  $\frac{1}{10}$ -oz Krugerrands, the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz Gold Eagles and the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz Krugerrands. But, before going forward, it is imperative that we discuss which coins to avoid. That is because hundreds of web pages promote numismatic and collector coins, as well as foreign coins. Such coins are simply wrong for survival purposes.

If the time ever comes that silver coins and gold coins were again used as money, coins would be worth only their metal content. Numismatic (collector) premiums would disappear. Anyone using gold or silver coins to buy goods or services would not be asked, "What's the mint mark on your coin?" Nor will they be asked, "When was it minted?" The question would be, "What's the gold content?" Hand someone a St. Gaudens and tell him it contains .9675 ounce of gold, and it will be difficult—if not impossible—to convince him to accept it at more than .9675 times the price of gold.

Numismatic premiums are fleeting in normal markets. Numismatic coins are bad investments for the average investor anytime; for survival purposes, they are simply wrong.

If you ever need to use your silver and gold to buy goods and services, you will want silver coins and small gold coins. Additionally, those coins should have certain characteristics to ensure they are readily accepted. First, survival coins should be stamped in English. Most Americans do not read foreign languages.

Second, the coins should have their gold or silver contents stamped on them; except for

the bullion coins, most do not. In an emergency, having the gold content stamped on a coin could go a long way toward causing someone to accept it.

If your furnace goes out in January, the local heating guy may have never seen a gold coin before. If you hand him a \$20 St. Gaudens, how does he know it contains a little less than an ounce? If you try to get him to take British Sovereigns, how can you prove they contain .2354 ounce each? Try convincing the guy at the auto parts store that a French 20 franc contains .1867 ounce of gold.

Third, the coins you buy for survival purposes should contain amounts with which Americans are comfortable. Americans understand 1-ounce,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce, and  $\frac{1}{10}$ -ounce coins. Americans do not easily grasp the concept of .2354 ounce or .1867 ounce.

## Loose Ends – Chapter 10

*You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain  
Too much love drives a man insane  
You broke my will, oh what a thrill  
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*[band joins]*

*I learned to love all of Hollywood money  
You came along and you moved me honey  
I changed my mind, looking fine  
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*You kissed me baba, woo.....it feels good  
Hold me baba, learn to let me love you like a lover should  
Your fine, so kind  
I'm a nervous world that your mine mine mine mine-ine*

*I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb  
I'm really nervous but it sure is fun  
Come on baba, you drive me crazy  
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*[piano solo]*

*Well kiss me baba, woo-oooooo.....it feels good  
Hold me baba  
I want to love you like a lover should  
Your fine, so kind  
I got this world that your mine mine mine mine-ine*

*I cut my nails and I quiver my thumb  
I'm real nervous 'cause it sure is fun  
Come on baba, you drive me crazy  
Goodness gracious great balls of fire*

*[guitar solo]*

*[piano solo]*

*[guitar and piano jam]*

*I say goodness gracious great balls of fire...oooh..*

◦

For survival purposes, avoid arcane foreign gold coins. (Despite more British Sovereigns having been minted than any other coin, Sovereigns are not well known in the US.) Simply buy the popular modern bullion coins. Krugerrands are the cheapest and best known. American Eagle gold coins are also readily recognized in the US, but carry higher premiums (markups over spot) than Krugerrands.

Both Krugerrands and Gold Eagle come in four sizes: one-ounce,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ounce, and  $\frac{1}{10}$ -ounce. Another plus for Krugerrands and Gold Eagles is that both are basic bullion coins and sell at small mark-ups over the value of their gold content. Generally, however, Krugerrands carry lower premiums than Gold Eagles, but both Krugerrands and Gold Eagles carry smaller premiums than foreign coins of comparable sizes. And certainly, Krugerrands and Gold Eagles are cheaper than old US gold coins.

Finally, the question arises whether to buy silver or gold. Probably both, but if you are investing \$10,000 or less, go exclusively with one-ounce silver rounds or circulated pre-1965 US 90% silver coins. Pre-1965 US 90% silver coins are commonly called junk silver coins because they have no collector value and trade for the value of their silver content. If you are investing larger amounts, say \$30,000 up, you may want silver and gold.

If conditions were to deteriorate to the point that silver and gold re-emerged as the preferred forms of money, you would want lots of small silver coins. If you were buying canned food, you would need silver coins because gold coins, even  $\frac{1}{10}$ -ounce ones, would have great value. If you have only silver coins and need to buy something of high value, then you simply trade a larger number of silver coins.

At current prices, an investment in silver results about fifty times the bulk and weight than if the same investment were made in gold. Therefore, large investments in silver create storage and handling challenges for some people. If storage and handling is a problem for you, then go exclusively with  $\frac{1}{10}$ -oz Krugerrands or  $\frac{1}{10}$ -oz Gold Eagles for the first \$10,000 or so. Still, try to have some silver coins on hand.

The choice of the form of silver for survival purposes is a toss-up between one-ounce silver rounds and junk silver coins. Rounds have their silver content and purity stamped on them. However, circulated pre-65 US 90% silver coins once served as money in the US and could do so again.

Actually, US 90% silver coins were used for money in the US as recently as the late 1960s, and many Americans remember using them. Yet pre-65 silver coins do not have their silver content stamped on them, but if the dollar were repudiated people would quickly learn the value of pre-1965 US 90% silver coins.

Lest anyone forget, the objectives are (in order of importance): educate and entertain. If the story ends in the middle of a sentence, that probably means I died. Odds are, it wouldn't get posted, either. It's not a big thing; death is the last action of life. Everyone

dies, eventually. My idea of the perfect death would be to go to bed, fall asleep and never wake up. My second favorite choice would be to take a bullet in the brain from a bad guy while I'm defending my family. Otherwise, just find me a dentist so I can get my toothache fixed.

o

The waiting was unnerving and we all had a lot of time to think. After I/we considered what I/we might have done different, there was still the occasional trip to salvage more fuel. Plus, Damon and I had to find a place we could retreat to. We checked out Bull Shoals Caverns – they were privately owned – and the owner had many concerns about housing a contingent of militia. He listened to me talk for about 15 seconds and pronounced me to be an outsider and damn Yankee. I quickly admitted that as fact, and then pointed out that my daughter-in-law had been born and raised in the area.

He lightened up a little and I explained how I'd been born in California, raised in Iowa and later moved to California when it was still a good place to live. I went on to say that California eventually became a good place to be from instead living in. Not only Barrett, but STI had stopped selling guns in California due in no small part to their BS laws. He noticed my .45 and I showed it to him and explained the trouble I had getting the handgun into California.

Somewhere during the conversation, he dropped the damn from the Yankee. He wanted to know what we could to provide power, living in a cave wasn't for the faint of heart. I suggested a diesel generator big enough to power the entire cavern electrical grid plus the extra things we would need, like electrical heaters, to make the place livable. Which brought up the subject of fuel for the generator and my assurance that we'd bring in 2 full semis of stabilized #2 diesel.

He was a sly old fox and the conversation turned to food. He explained that he barely had enough to feed his family and he wondered out loud how we'd handle that. I assured him we had more than enough for the militia and might even be able to spare a little for his family. That must have been the selling point, he asked if we had flashlights and offered to give us the full tour. I'll have to say that it was a rather typical commercial cave, but adaptable to our needs. The final selling point, for me, was the rather small entrance. I suspect that having diesel, a generator and food won him over.

“Those are big plans, Dad. How are we going to come up with two semis full of stabilized #2 diesel?”

“I don't know; improvise, adapt, overcome?”

“I know where there are more tankers, but not more tractors.”

“Once we have the fuel moved to the caverns, why would we need a tractor? We are going to need 8 gallons of PRI-D, how much do we have left?”



“About half of that, one case of 4 gallons.”

“Have we checked every marina at Bull Shoals?”

“At least twice. We have every pint, quart and gallon of PRI-G & D available.”

“OMG, we’re in trouble. I think what we really need is a couple of 55-gallon drums of PRI-D.”

“Where is Power Research located?”

“Houston. Heck they probably got nuked. On the other hand, it’s northwest of downtown Houston. If the place got nuked, the odds are the radiation was blown to the east.”

It turned out to be about 590 miles, one way. PRI-D wasn’t available in 55-gallon drums. The largest container for the diesel treatment was the 5 gallon pail. The 55-gallon drums were filled with something to treat bunker fuel. We filled the trailer with cases of PRI-D. We loaded cases of PRI-G into the back of the pickup. There was very little residual radiation, but we didn’t hang out any longer than it took to steal the PRI products.

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Well, it was stealing. The products belonged to the manufacturer, even if there was no one there. It was valuable, too. We were even guilty of breaking and entering to get into the warehouse where the products were stored. The layer of dust on the lock notwithstanding, it was still stealing. I rationalized that we needed it more than they did. We’d done well with the salvage business and were quite willing to pay Power Research for the products, assuming they’d take pre-65 silver.

I began to wonder if I was succumbing to situational ethics. Situational ethics, or situation ethics, is a Christian ethical theory that was principally developed in the 1960s by the Episcopal priest Joseph Fletcher. It basically states that sometimes other moral principles can be cast aside in certain situations if love is best served; as Paul Tillich once put it: *Love is the ultimate law*. The moral principles Fletcher is specifically referring to are the moral codes of Christianity and the type of love he is specifically referring to is ‘Agape’ love. Agape is a term which comes from Greek which means absolute, universal, unchanging and unconditional love for all people. (Agape has been expounded on by many Christian writers in a specifically Christian context. It has been defined as “an intentional response to promote well-being when responding to that which has generated ill-being.”)

Fletcher believed that in forming an ethical system based on love, he was best expressing the notion of ‘love thy neighbor’, which Jesus Christ taught in the Gospels of the New Testament of the Bible. Through situational ethics, Fletcher attempted to find a ‘middle road’ between legalistic and antinomian ethics. Fletcher developed situational

ethics in his books: *The Classic Treatment* and *Situation Ethics*.

Legalistic ethics has a set of prefabricated moral rules or laws. Many western religions, such as Judaism and Christianity have a very legalistic approach to ethics. Pharisaic Judaism approaches life through laws, based on the Halakah oral tradition. Through history, Christianity has focused on Natural Law and Biblical commandments, such as the Ten Commandments of Moses. Fletcher states that life runs into many difficulties when its complexities require additional laws. For example, when one initially establishes that murder is morally wrong, one may then have to make exceptions for killing for self-defense, killing in war, killing unborn children, etc. Fletcher argues that the error of a legalistic approach to ethics has been made by Catholics through their adherence to Natural Law and by Protestants through puritanical observance of the texts in the Bible. As such, Fletcher rejects legalistic ethics.

Antinomian ethics, is literally the opposite to legalism, it does not imply an ethical system at all. An antinomian enters decisions making as if each situation was unique and making moral decisions is based on the matter of spontaneity. Fletcher argues that the antinomianism approach to ethical decision making is unprincipled so is an unacceptable approach to ethics.

Situational ethics relies on one principle, what best serves love. Christian love is unconditional and unsentimental. Situational ethics is based on the golden rule “love your neighbor as yourself” and altruism which is putting others before yourself and showing agape towards everyone. It agrees on reason being the instrument of moral judgments, but disagrees that the good is to be dis-concerned from the nature of things. All moral decisions are hypothetical, as they depend on what the most loving thing to do is.

Obviously, somewhere along the line, I’d gone from legalistic ethics to situational ethics. Perhaps it’s a rationalization, but I’ll explain by saying that I began to put my family first. I truly wonder if others would do differently faced with the same situation. To me, the difference between looting and salvaging was that salvaging was the recovery of abandoned property. I wouldn’t press the point when asked; that said it works for me.

o

It took 3 weeks, more or less, to get the Cavern set up with a generator, diesel fuel and move a substantial portion of our food. We had been canning as the garden produced and storing the newly canned food in the cavern and bringing the older food home. So far, we hadn’t had a problem. Of course, we had enough PRI products to last for years and even traded off some pints and quarts for items we weren’t growing.

Next, we got 2x4s from an area lumber yard and constructed simple bed frames, using rope to support the mattress we found. Nothing fancy, the emphasis was on functionality. Even after we got food stored so it couldn’t get wet, kitchen facilities and chemical toilets set up, I hoped that we wouldn’t end up in the proverbial *hole in the ground*. Under the best of circumstances, there would be a loss of privacy, concerns about what

was happening outside the cavern and a use of supplies we weren't replacing as they were used.

I never, ever, thought that the day would come when we were forced to hide from our own gubermint. It occurred to me that most soldiers are younger people and here I was, a 70-something tired old man whose only claim to fame was that he took typing in high school. Working as a tax auditor, so many years ago, had taught me how to do research. (There is no way to know if the information on a tax return is accurate without research. I'll leave out the set a thief to catch a thief part.) The bigger the total on the audit schedules, the better, and I'd occasionally laugh out loud. Like Terry said, *you don't have to be sadistic to work here, but it helps.*

Then, there was the joke about what it said on the back of our business cards: Yea though I walk through the Valley of Death, I will fear no evil, because I'm the meanest bastard in the Valley. What the heck, it was a job and paid well. As of 2007, 15-years after I retired, out-of-state auditors were pulling in \$88 thousand plus another \$15 thousand expenses. I suppose it barely kept up with inflation. When I started, we made \$8,700 per year.

Even back then, my first wife and I had two sets of shelving packed with food. The basic idea was you could never have too much food. I can tell you from experience, that little venture was poorly planned. The rule is: buy what you eat and eat what you buy. Didn't know that one, way back when (1974). It was a mistake I never made again.

After the turn of the century, I finally managed to get the second Mrs. aboard. Maybe it was just luck, who knows. I can tell you this much, we had a trailer full of food in the garage and it was all what we ate. We went from, *I don't have anything for supper* to *What do you want me to get out for supper?* Only one word describes a situation like that: nice. When someone warned me of a possible wheat shortage, we loaded up on bread flour, like I mentioned earlier. He and I both watched the news, keeping ourselves informed. He had access to multiple sources I didn't and I was grateful for information from those sources. I used it, in part, in my campaign against Sharon. I'm sure she thought I was nuts, and maybe I was, but I was a prepared nut.

Because of the bad press, many survivalists started to call themselves preppers. A rose by any other name... You can't eat a gun and ammo, but I'd be willing to bet these preppers had all but cornered the market on ammo. There were two camps, those against salvaging and those that supported the idea. I'm for it, provided it is truly salvaging – recovering abandoned property. If, later, someone shows up claiming it and you're satisfied it belongs to them, you'll have to return what's left and somehow pay for, or replace, what you used.

I've heard arguments that you're stealing from the relatives of the owner of the abandoned property. Maybe so, if it bothers you, leave a note and tell them who took it and how to contact you. Keep in mind that a BG might find the note and he'd rather steal than work. Probably the best way is leave a radio frequency that you monitor at a cer-

tain time each day. Explain what you did and express your willingness to replace what you took. Odds are if LEO finds it, you've just signed a confession to looting, so think about it long and hard.

Living just outside of Los Angeles, I've seen my share of looting, down below. Saw the '65 Watts riot on TV and the Rodney King riots on live TV. People were stealing food when they didn't need it, but the thing that struck me most was the guys coming out of the TV shops with TVs. The King riots are documented as having lasted 6 days. On the 6th day, although Mayor Bradley lifted the curfew, signaling the official end of the riots, sporadic violence and crime continued for a few days afterward. Schools, banks, and businesses reopened. Federal troops would not stand down until May 9; the state guard remained until May 14; and some soldiers remained as late as May 27, 1992. In '94, there was a minor amount of looting associated with the Northridge earthquake.

The typical situations where one is accustomed to seeing looting aren't the same as an apocalyptic event. You pray and hope that as many people as possible somehow make it through, it's the Christian thing to do. You know in your heart that it won't happen and depending on what kind of event you have, the losses can be few or many. In this case, they knew the rock was coming and somehow succeeded in evacuating the coast, in the US. Were the third world nations as lucky? The first disaster, Obama getting elected hasn't fully played out and we had a third disaster, WW III.

We all believe and hope that there will be no WW III. Primarily because the weapons that may be used are so terrible and final. Ever since 29Aug49, we've been holding our breath. That test was called Joe-1 and had a yield of 22kT. That was the beginning of the Cold War. We got along fairly well until October, 1962 when we ended up at DEFCON 2. Aside from several errors that occurred thereafter, we never came as close again, until WW III. I was so afraid that Bush would nuke Iran, it kept me up at night. Had he done it, WW III would have followed immediately. But, he didn't, Thank God.

Instead, people began to starve, due in part to weather changes and in part to the rock causing the tsunami. I've operated on the assumption that Russia and China made the first strike, but I don't know that except for what the prez said on the radio. I'm sure that if we struck first, he'd never admit it. The Cold War never went hot because everyone followed the policy of MAD. Arms reductions notwithstanding, we had more than enough weapons and most of them were based on Ohio class subs. Max sub load out was  $12 \times 24 \times 14 = 4,032$ . Max MM III load out was on the order of 1,500. Max B-2 bomber load out was  $18 \times 16 = 288$ . The B-1Bs had been converted to conventional bombs only and the B-52s, if we used them, could deliver 20 missiles each;  $58 \times 20 = 1,160$ . Which is interesting because we didn't have that many active weapons...  $4,032 + 1,500 + 1,160 = 6,692$ . Don't kid yourself, we have them and if we thought we could pull it off, a first strike is not beyond imaging, anymore.

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“Highway 5 to base.”

“Base here.”

“We have a substantial federal force, we’re pulling back.”

“What do you want me to do.”

“Notify highway 125 and if they have the same, tell them to bug out. Notify Home Base, and then gather up the families and head for the Cavern. Limit it to militia families, but if someone else shows up on their own, don’t turn them away but disarm them, we’ll manage, somehow. Highway 5 clear.”

“Highway 125, SITREP.”

“We have feds approaching.”

“Roger, feds approaching. Fall back to the Cavern, we’re notifying families and are heading there. Home Base clear.”

“Roger Home Base, fall back to the Cavern. Highway 125 clear.”

We got into vehicles and notified the families of the militia members to retreat to the Caverns. Meanwhile, those of us who remained quickly loaded weapons, ammo, food and miscellaneous items, and then boogied. Inside of 45 minutes, both militia units and the families were assembled at the Cavern. A few other people who must have overheard also showed up and per Derek’s instructions, they were let in, but temporarily disarmed.

After a bit, when no one else showed up, the entrance to the Cavern was blocked to give the appearance that it couldn’t be used. Given the number of people we had, there was ~3 months food supply. Buried deep in the Cavern, the generator was running and being exhausted to the outside where the exhaust made no sound. Understand that the Cavern wasn’t sealed tight, there were several holes/passages to the outside allowing for the exchange of air, etc. Some of the ladies immediately put on 5 pounds of beans to soak with an eye towards making a large pot of chili. Still others got some of the bread flour and started to make a batch of bread. It would be a while before we could, several hours in fact. However some people brought meats, bread and sandwich materials so no one would go hungry before they finally had the bread and chili. I suggested they make rice to go with the chili.

We had left a radio set up in Flippin and we were kept apprised of what was happening. First, the feds came in and made certain that they had everyone identified. Second, they searched for firearms and ammo of every type. I not saying that there weren’t any; BUT, they didn’t find any. Third, they tried to identify the members of the militia and determine where they had gone. Probably based on the empty homes that looked lived in, they did reasonably well identifying the members. However, they didn’t find us. They searched

Mountain Home, Gassville, Flippin, Yellville and Bull Shoals.

It was a typical military operation with door to door searches, not unlike what we'd done in Iraq. Were Americans cleverer than the Iraqis? Heck, they didn't even find any guns and ammo at the gun store where Derek bought my guns. The owner was there, but couldn't give them his 4473s because, as you should remember, the Arkansas National Guard had them when they searched and hadn't returned them. I watched the Military Channel a lot and saw some of those searches. They found weapons buried in yards, they found caches hidden in walls and ceilings but, they didn't find one bullet or firearm in the cities searched, except for the LEOs.

The only people exempt from her edict were LEOs and the military. Bubba was allowed to keep his pistol, shotgun and M-16. I had mixed feelings and talked to Derek to get his slant.

"Derek, I feel like shooting those soldiers. I don't know if I could shoot an American soldier who is just doing his/her job."

"Good."

"That's it? Good?"

"It means you're a Patriot with a conscience. Given a choice, I'd really prefer to not kill any of our military. They're just following orders, Dad."

"That Nuremberg defense didn't work for Adolf Eichmann. Anyway, you're not required to follow an illegal order. Military discipline and effectiveness is built on the foundation of obedience to orders. Recruits are taught to obey, immediately and without question, orders from their superiors, right from day-one of boot camp.

"Military members who fail to obey the lawful orders of their superiors risk serious consequences. Article 90 of the UCMJ makes it a crime for a military member to WILLFULLY disobey a superior commissioned officer. Article 91 makes it a crime to WILLFULLY disobey a superior Noncommissioned or Warrant Officer. Article 92 makes it a crime to disobey any lawful order (the disobedience does not have to be "willful" under this article).

"In fact, under Article 90, during times of war, a military member who willfully disobeys a superior commissioned officer can be sentenced to death.

"Seems like pretty good motivation to obey any order you're given, right? Nope. These articles require the obedience of LAWFUL orders. An order which is unlawful not only does not need to be obeyed, but obeying such an order can result in criminal prosecution of the one who obeys it. Military courts have long held that military members are accountable for their actions even while following orders – if the order was illegal.

'I was only following orders', has been unsuccessfully used as a legal defense in hundreds of cases. The defense didn't work for them, nor has it worked in hundreds of cases since. So, to obey, or not to obey? It depends on the order. Military members disobey orders at their own risk. They also obey orders at their own risk. An order to commit a crime is unlawful. An order to perform a military duty, no matter how dangerous is lawful, as long as it doesn't involve commission of a crime."

"In theory, yes. But when the Captain is holding an M9 to your head, it's different."

"Very few Staff Sergeants report to a Captain. They usually report to higher level NCOs. If you receive an illegal order, say "yes sir" and go see your First Shirt."

"Saying 'yes sir' means you agree with the order."

"Wrong, saying 'yes sir' means you understand the order. It doesn't imply that you agree with it or intend to carry it out, especially if it's illegal."

"How we get side tracked on obeying orders?"

"You said the soldiers were only obeying orders. If the orders are illegal, they're wrong to obey them and as much as I would hate to do it, I swore to protect and defend the Constitution."

"When?"

"1961. Why does the oath expire?"

Enlisted Oath:

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

Officer Oath:

I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter.

## **Loose Ends – Chapter 11**

We ran out of the Top Gun Soundtrack. Missy is getting pretty old and not feeling good. Makes a man think:

*Just this side of heaven is a place called Rainbow Bridge.*

*When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to Rainbow Bridge. There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together. There is plenty of food, water and sunshine, and our friends are warm and comfortable.*

*All the animals who had been ill and old are restored to health and vigor. Those who were hurt or maimed are made whole and strong again, just as we remember them in our dreams of days and times gone by. The animals are happy and content, except for one small thing; they each miss someone very special to them, who had to be left behind.*

*They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks into the distance. His bright eyes are intent. His eager body quivers. Suddenly he begins to run from the group, flying over the green grass, his legs carrying him faster and faster.*

*You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face; your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into the trusting eyes of your pet, so long gone from your life but never absent from your heart. Then you cross Rainbow Bridge together....*

Dolly Parton stayed with the Porter Wagoner show and continued to record duets with him for seven years, and then made a break to become a solo artist. In 1974, her song, "I Will Always Love You" (written about her break from Wagoner, not Burt Reynolds), was released and went to #1 on the country charts. So, Missy, please remember...

*If I should stay,  
I would only be in your way.  
So I'll go, but I know  
I'll think of you ev'ry step of the way.*

*And I will always love you.  
I will always love you.  
You, my darling you. Hmmm.*

*Bittersweet memories  
that is all I'm taking with me.  
So, goodbye. Please, don't cry.  
We both know I'm not what you, you need.*



*And I will always love you.  
I will always love you.*

*(Instrumental solo)*

*I hope life treats you kind  
And I hope you have all you've dreamed of.  
And I wish to you, joy and happiness.  
But above all this, I wish you love.*

*And I will always love you.  
I will always love you.  
I will always love you.  
I will always love you.  
I will always love you.  
I, I will always love you.*

*You, darling, I love you.  
Ooh, I'll always, I'll always love you.*

I'll be there at Rainbow Bridge soon enough and see you then. Sentiment over a dog? Someone once said that a dog was man's best friend. She's the only pet I had for 10 years, cut me some slack.

o

I've spent over 100 pages trying to make a point, do you get it? The gubermint IS NOT your friend. After the Defense Appropriations Act of 2007, they passed the DFA of 2008 that mandated that the DoD not only generate plans to use the Military and/or National Guard if a state of emergency were declared, they now required annual reports to Congress. I picked up that tidbit at WND, so it just has to be true, but with a slant.

My question to Derek was does the oath expire? I believe that some of us, who took the oath, harbor deep seated feelings about our country and strongly believe that we continue to have an obligation to defend it from all enemies, foreign and domestic. The people who don't believe that put him in office. All things considered, it could have been worse. He was trying to take away our basic rights, but trying isn't doing.

For those who claim that the US in the second decade of the 21st Century isn't the same place it was in 1787, I'll admit that the Colonists didn't have TV. But ATM, neither do we. I have no soapbox and if I did, probably couldn't get up on it. Instead, what we're going to do with those people is fight a 4th Generation War. By another name, that's an insurgency.

The generations of warfare are:

- 1st Generation: tactics of line and column; which developed in the age of the smooth-bore musket.
- 2nd Generation: tactics of linear fire and movement, with reliance on indirect fire.
- 3rd Generation: tactics of infiltration to bypass and collapse the enemy's combat forces rather than seeking to close with and destroy them; and defense in depth.

The use of fourth generation warfare can be traced to the post-World War II Cold War period, as superpowers and major powers attempted to retain their grip on colonies and captured territories. Unable to withstand direct combat against bombers, tanks, and machine guns, non-state entities used tactics of secrecy, terror, and confusion to overcome the technological gap. Mao's concept of the People's war and Ho Chi Minh's conduct in the Indochina Wars are contemporary examples of 4GW.

Fourth Generation warfare has often involved an insurgent group or non-state entity trying to implement their own government or reestablish an old government over the current ruling power. However, a fourth generation war is most successful when the non-state entity does not attempt, at least in the short term, to impose its own rule, but tries simply to disorganize and delegitimize the state in which the warfare takes place. The aim is to force the state adversary to expend manpower and money in an attempt to establish order, ideally in such a highhanded way that it merely increases disorder, until the state surrenders or withdraws. Fourth generation war could be said to be the ultimate strategy of scorched earth, leaving nothing for the occupier to occupy. Speaking figuratively, the non-state adversary, not being able to expel the invader from his home, tries to bring it down on both their heads, leaving the invader no choice but to leave the ruins alone.

Fourth Generation War is normally characterized by a "stateless" entity fighting a state. Fighting can be either physically such as Hezbollah or the LTTE to use two modern examples. In this realm the 4GW entity uses all three levels of Fourth Generation War. These are the physical (actual combat, it is considered the least important), mental (the will to fight, belief in victory, etc.) and moral (the most important, this includes cultural norms, etc.) levels. Fighting can also be without the physical level of war. This is via non-violent means. Examples of this could be Gandhi's opposition to the British Empire or by Martin Luther King's marches. Both desired their factions to deescalate the conflict while the state escalates against them, the objective being to target the opponent on the moral and mental levels rather than the physical level. The state is then seen as a bully and loses support.

Another characteristic of 4GW is that as with 3rd Generation War the 4GW combatant's forces are decentralized. With 4GW there may even be no one combatant and that smaller groups organize into impromptu alliances to target a bigger threat (that being the state armed forces or another faction). As a result these alliances are weak and if the state's military leadership is smart enough they can split their enemy and cause them to fight amongst themselves.

Yet another factor is that centers of gravity have changed. These centers of gravity may

revolve around nationalism, family or clan honor, proving one's manhood or a belief that one is ordered to fight perceived enemies of one's religion. As a result strategy becomes more problematic while combating a 4GW entity.

It has been theorized that a state vs. state conflict in the 4GW realm would involve the use of computer hackers and law fare to obtain the weaker side's objectives. The logic being that the civilians of the stronger state would lose the will to fight as a result of seeing their state engaged in alleged atrocities and having their own bank accounts harmed.

Before you say it doesn't work, I'll say Mao got China, Ho got Vietnam, the French were thrown out of Algiers, Gandhi got India and we finally integrated. Now, I'm either preaching to the Choir or non-listeners. Just keep it in mind for when it's your only choice. Congress seems determined to legislate away the Constitution. Which brings me back to my oath, it was to protect and defend the Constitution, not Congress or the White House. Non-state entities can be tightly formed or loosely formed groups. These people are alternatively called partisans or terrorists. I prefer the term Hometown Heroes or maybe Patriots. In a 4GW, either you bring your own gun or you recover one from the opposition.

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Hiding in the Cavern was a cowardly approach to the current problem; however, it allowed us to get better organized. The remaining firearms and ammo were passed out, training occurred where needed and a plan, of sorts, was developed. Because Little Rock had been nuked, the acting Governor had set up his operations at Fort Chaffee, a National Guard location since '97. If you don't know, that's up near Ft. Smith in the northwestern corner of the state. It's also where Elvis passed through on his way to boot camp.

"Alright, settle down, let's get this started," Derek shouted.

"Dad, I'll start with you. You have the same duties, as does Damon, radio shack. From what we've heard on the radio, we can figure on adding about 6 Platoons of locals, giving us 2 Companies or a small Battalion. If we can reach the people at Ft. Chaffee, we may be able to get them to supply additional arms, ammo and ordnance. If not, we'll settle for what people have. Because of the lack of training in many cases and lack of practice in unit tactics in others, our major goal is harassment, not actual combat. If we're forced into combat, I can't see that we can avoid it. However, our primary goal should be to avoid it at all costs. Now, let me make some individual assignments."

Having been told my part in the forthcoming whatever, I left. It didn't appear to me that I'd ever be any more than a support person. The odds of my shooting my firearms at any place other than the range simply didn't exist. I gave up the M16/M203 in favor of my AR15 and held on to my M1A, 590A1 and M62B. There was no way I give up my handguns; each had a special meaning for me. The .32 was built during the '30s and

had been used in a war. The .45 had been purchased and we had to sneak it into the PRK. The Sterling .22 Saturday Night Special was a throw down, not worth much, but it could kill if needed. Best bet was to put the gun against his/her head. Plus it was stainless so it was easy to keep up.

The Mk 15 went with them, I couldn't justify keeping it at home and they needed it more than I did. I kept 6 grenades and 2 LAW rockets and they took everything else. Damon had a shotgun to use and I had plenty of 00 Buck. When we got clearance on the radio, we began to filter out of the Cavern in 2s or 3s. And tried to be totally unobtrusive when we returned home.

"Can you get weapons and ammo from Ft. Chaffee?"

"I talked to my Captain. He said that he couldn't supply equipment for 6 more platoons. He did say they'd send what they could and that I was temporarily promoted from Staff to First Sergeant. Maybe I'll get lucky and come out of it as a Sergeant First Class. His major problem is that our force is larger than his. I told him that as far as I was concerned, even though we were about 2 Companies, we'd still report to him. I suppose you know that a Battalion is usually commanded by a Major or Lt. Colonel."

"If you say so. Maybe they'll give him a temporary promotion, too."

"The Governor might just do that. A Platoon consists of two to four Squads/Sections depending upon the type of unit. For example, an Infantry Platoon consists of three Squads. A Mechanized Infantry Platoon consists of four fighting vehicles (M2A2 Bradley Fighting Vehicle), divided into two Sections. Each vehicle holds 8-9 soldiers. A Tank Platoon consists of four tanks (M1A2/A3 Abrams Main Battle Tank), organized into two Sections of two tanks each."

"When will you get the weapons and ammo?"

"He said he'd have it loaded and shipped today. It's not that far to Ft. Chaffee, maybe 180 miles. They may send one or two trucks and they'll have to avoid the feds. Under normal circumstances, I'd say about 4 hours. However, that depends on where the feds are and it could take them all day just to get here."

It starts to get confusing when a person can and can't shoot someone when they think it's warranted by circumstances. Consider this case:

In a case legal experts say may stretch the limits of the state's self-defense laws, a Pasadena man shot and killed two suspected burglars during a confrontation as they attempted to flee his neighbor's property Wednesday afternoon.

In the minutes before the fatal shootings, Pasadena police said the man called 911 and reported that he had heard glass breaking next door and saw two men entering the home through a window. Still on the phone with police, the man, believed to be in his

70s, saw the suspects leaving from the back of the home.

"I'm getting my gun and going to stop them," the neighbor told the dispatcher during the 2 p.m. call, according to Vance Mitchell, a spokesman for Pasadena police. "The dispatcher said, 'No, stay inside the house; officers are on the way.'

"Then you hear him rack the shotgun. The next sound the dispatcher heard was a boom. Then there was silence for a couple of seconds and then another boom." After the shotgun blasts, the telephone line went dead. But the neighbor called police again and told a dispatcher what he had done.

When police arrived moments later, they found two dead men in the 7400 block of Timberline Drive. One was across the street, and the other had collapsed two houses down behind a bank of mailboxes in the Village Grove East subdivision.

Police said the neighbor, whose name was withheld Wednesday, appeared calm as he retraced his steps for police.

"He was well composed and knew what he was doing," Mitchell said. "He was protecting the neighbor's property."

It will be up to a Harris County grand jury to decide if the man committed a crime by opening fire, police said.

Wednesday's shooting "clearly is going to stretch the limits of the self-defense law," said defense attorney Tommy LaFon, who is also a former Harris County prosecutor.

If the absent homeowner tells police that he asked his neighbor to watch over his property, that could play in his favor, LaFon said.

"If the homeowner comes out and says, 'My neighbor had a greater right of possession than the people trying to break in,' that could put him (the gunman) in an ownership role," LaFon said.

The Texas Penal Code says a person can use force or deadly force to defend someone else's property if he reasonably believes he has a legal duty to do so or the property owner had requested his protection.

The neighbor, however, would have been on much safer legal ground if he had been trying to protect his own property, LaFon said.

Capt. A.H. "Bud" Corbett said the neighbor told investigators that he knew the next-door residents were not home. The man told investigators that he encountered the pair when they exited his neighbor's through a gate leading to the front yard.

Corbett said the neighbor asked the men, one of which was carrying a white bag, to

stop, but they did not.

When police arrived the shooter was sitting on the ground and appeared to be very upset, Corbett said. "There was some discussion about calling an ambulance for him," Corbett said.

As of noon Thursday, no charges had been filed, Corbett said.

The shooter was very cooperative with police and led officers through a run-through of what happened at the scene and later made a statement at the police station.

The white bag one the dead men had been carrying contained a large amount of cash that had apparently been taken from the house, Corbett said.

Two windows in the back of the house had been broken, one possibly as an entrance and the other as an exit, Corbett said. One was a regular window, but the other was translucent glass blocks. It was the sound of breaking glass that alerted the shooter, Corbett said.

Police have not found the families of the dead men, who both are in their 30's. One had identification indicating he was from Puerto Rico, the other had paper indicating he may have been from Puerto Rico, Colombia or the Dominican Republic, he said.

Both men were shot once at a range of less than 15 feet with blasts from a 12-gauge shotgun.

The neighbor fired twice. One shot struck one of the suspected burglars in the chest, and the other was struck on the side.

Texas law allows people to use deadly force to protect their own property to stop an arson, burglary, robbery, theft or criminal mischief at night, or to prevent someone committing such a crime at night from escaping with the property.

But the person using deadly force must believe there is no other way to protect their belongings and must suspect that taking less drastic measures could expose themselves or others to serious danger.

A state senator who authored a law passed this year giving Texans stronger rights to defend themselves with deadly force said he did not believe the legislation he spearheaded would apply to the Pasadena case, based on the sketchy facts that have emerged so far.

Sen. Jeff Wentworth, a San Antonio Republican, said the so-called castle doctrine law he wrote doesn't apply to people protecting their neighbors' property.

The measure "is not designed to have kind of a 'Law West of the Pecos' mentality or action," Wentworth said. "You're supposed to be able to defend your own home, your

own family, in your house, your place of business or your motor vehicle.”

On Wednesday afternoon, other residents were stunned to exit their homes to find police cars and yellow crime scene tape

Lacey Hernandez, who lives one block from the shooting, was home when she heard two loud pops, but couldn't identify the noise. A short time later, she was leaving to pick up her children from school when she noticed the police cars.

“I was in shock because I never heard a gunshot before,” Hernandez said.

She described her neighborhood as very quiet. The subdivision is lined with two-story brick homes with trees in the front yards.

“We leave our garage door open,” she said. “We let the kids run the streets just like nothing. Now they will not be playing in the streets.”

In case you haven't figured it out, that happened in Pasadena, Texas on November 14, 2007. I didn't find out how the case came out, but I doubt the Grand Jury would have indicted the man.

Around the same time, there was a similar case in Bakersfield, PRK. In that case, the second burglar wasn't killed, but was charged with murder under the *felony murder rule*. The difference was that shooter in the second case was the homeowner who was inside his home. Strange, the PRK requires you to retreat.

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“Get it all set up?”

“As much as I could. I meant to ask you, are you up to monitoring the radio?”

“If you mean 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, sure. Why would you ask?”

“You're no spring chicken anymore.”

“Boy, I'm going to live forever; or, until I die, whichever comes first.”

“I worry, you know.”

“Well, I was 58 when your grandfather died. You have a ways to go, assuming I last that long.”

“But, you have all those health conditions.”

“You grandfather took insulin, too. He had a bad heart and mine always passes with fly-

ing colors. I don't know about him, but I eat a low fat diet and my cholesterol is around 100 and my triglycerides around 130. Apparently, my only problem is maintaining an acceptable blood sugar level. Your grandfather caught a cold that turned into pneumonia and he either died of the pneumonia or congestive heart failure. The last words he uttered were, 'I can't breathe'."

"How do you know?"

"Gayle was in the same room at the Ninth Street Chautauqua Guest Center."

"Guest Center?"

"Yeah, that's what they call a Rest Home these days. Write this down, I don't want you to forget it. Don't you ever put me in one of those places. If you think that's what I need, let me know, I'll do the rest."

"What do you mean?"

"Just promise."

"Ok, I promise, what do you mean?"

"I ain't going."

He kept asking but I refused to explain. He must be an idiot if he can't figure it out on his own. Derek didn't have time to stand around and try to make me answer. He had to find stripes, if he could, organize the units, pass out the weapons, ammo and ordinance when it arrived and keep working on his plans. I sure hope he built in some flexibility, no plan survives first contact with the enemy. He was back in a heartbeat and wanted the suppressor I had for the M1A. He explained he wouldn't take my rifle, but they needed the silencer for their sniper rifle.

Now mind you, up to now, not a single shot had been fired and we were only guessing when it came to the motivation of the feds. True, they had searched homes looking for firearms. But, either they hadn't looked very hard or the local residents had been extraordinarily clever. More puzzling was the fact that they hadn't grabbed any of the food or fuel, relying on what they had. That made me wonder if perhaps the officer in charge of the federal troops was ignoring Obama. I counseled Derek that he'd better move slow, there were things that just didn't seem right. The military wasn't acting like the JBTs we had expected. With his temporary rank of First Sergeant, perhaps people would listen to him and something could be worked out to avoid a direct confrontation with the military.

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My concerns were multiple. Derek's rank was only temporary and he just got it. That



meant that he wasn't backed up by years of experience as a First Shirt. Say what you will, but there is a network among high ranking NCOs, known by various names. They interact and rely on each other to make sure what their officers want happens. As it turned out, his Captain was given the permanent rank of Major and acting rank of Lt. Colonel. Per the Governor, Derek was given a permanent rank of E-8, First Sergeant. The Col. considered Derek's advice carefully and rather than openly confront the feds, opened negotiations.

The commander of the federal troops was a full Colonel in charge of a Brigade sized unit. He wasn't a happy camper and implied that he felt his orders went way beyond what was right, especially given the state the country was in. He told the Governor, after a meeting had been arranged, that his unit ought to be helping people rather than harassing them over firearms. He claimed that. "This is worse than New Orleans, back in 2005."

The Governor, for his part, told the Colonel that the only reason the borders were closed was to prevent the gun grab. He went on to say that, if he had assurances, he was willing to reopen them. However, he cautioned, the Arkansas National Guard had artillery which could be brought to bear, if needed, and wipe out nearly any sized armor unit. If he had a positive experience, he'd much rather release the Guard so they could go home and tend to the needs of their families.

The Colonel chewed his lip and finally stuck out his hand. He said, "My oath was to protect and defend the Constitution, not Barack Obama, even if he is the Commander-in-Chief. You, sir, have a deal. If necessary, my unit will work with your Guard to prevent any Commanders who are not like minded from interfering with the state of Arkansas."

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Our war, or insurrection, ended without a shot being fired. Obviously, there are still a few people who remember that the Constitution is the Supreme Law of the Land. No doubt, a reconstituted Congress could be persuaded to see the errors of the past and reconcile the laws of this great country with its Constitution. Our system has a built in safe-guard that many people don't think about. If you don't like what your Congress critic does, elect someone else. People must also remember that once elected, they're usually in until the next election. There is no free lunch, being a citizen of the US is very hard work.

## Loose Ends – Epilogue

After the mess that happened beginning with 9/11/01, those people still living had it up to here with the gubermint. You may recall that a year before Obama was elected, the only popularity lower than Dubya's was that of Congress. Not many politicians survived the surprise attack and most that did were voted out of office once we had elections. For a while there, some of us thought there might be a military coup, but that passed because apparently everyone got the message.

I don't know why the people who got in were elected, but they were rather conservative and isolationist. These people didn't seem to like environmentalists, either. We had enough oil for our needs, once they got some refineries rebuilt. Oil drilling was opened up on the California coast and in Alaska. Scientists were put to work figuring out an economical way to remove oil from the oil shale. Wind energy took off and they were erecting wind turbines as fast as they could be built. We slowly transitioned away from coal.

Biofuels were popular early on because you could produce them from soybeans and corn. That transitioned until all the ethanol was produced from cellulose and a small portion of the corn. Soybeans were still used to produce biodiesel because the soybean meal could be used to feed livestock. They began producing biodiesel from other crops, too, like peanut oil and even rapeseed oil. The country didn't do any of that because of the environmentalists; they did it because we didn't have much choice.

You couldn't get a new car. All that were available were used cars that had been worked over to eliminate the electronics. They would only run on one fuel, be it ethanol, a blend, straight gas or diesel. Flex fueled cars needed a computer to control the fuel/air blend.

A few laws ended up getting repealed, like all those stupid laws that had been passed over 2 centuries which restricted the Constitution. Some Amendments were necessary to implement the original intent of our founding fathers and they weren't touched. In fact, the only Amendment that Congress changed was the 2nd Amendment to clarify that it was an individual right. Once ratified, some group, probably Sarah Brady and her ilk began the long slow process of contesting the revised Amendment. The new Supreme Court didn't take long to dispose of that, ruling that the revised Amendment reflected the founders' intent.

Under the new laws, you could own any firearm you wanted, after you passed a background check. Explosives still required a permit, but your local Sheriff could issue it once you passed that background check. Concealed carry didn't require a permit because you'd already passed a background check when you bought the gun. However, new laws made using guns in crimes more serious than the crime itself. You didn't see many shootouts on Main Street these days.

Sarah's camp argued that laws regulating carrying firearms went way back. Anywhere

Wyatt Earp was a lawman, guns were prohibited. It more or less worked out, most of the liberals lived in the big cities that were bombed. Those liberals that survived had a new outlook; apparently some of them had to use guns to get past the day after. When it was all said and done, the only time I actually fired a gun was at the range.

Most of the changes that followed were small. For example, tires were hard to come by and to preserve tires and fuel, people slowed down. I had to laugh, that basically put Bubba out of business. We had abandoned our home in California and we presumed the mortgage company took it over. Just for the heck of it, we went back to Palmdale and there it stood, locked up tight just like we'd left it. Countrywide had been taken out by one of those missiles that hit California. Sharon and I talked it over and decided to move back.

We got some gas, restored it with PRI-G and headed back to Arkansas. Once there, we fueled up those 2 U-Haul trucks, loaded our furniture, hooked up the two small tankers and headed west. Derek gave me back my suppressor, the Mk 15, a crate of LAWs, a few cases of hand grenades and even more of the ammo, just in case. We took our time getting back and Amy and the kids came with us.

There were several empty houses in Moon Shadows and, after checking with Lance and Elvia, we learned that they had been abandoned for over a year. Palmdale had only recently gotten back basic services and we had gas, water, sewer and 12 hours of electricity per day. Lance said they were working on the electricity and were putting in more of those 1 Mw wind turbines like the Water District used.

There was some food in the local grocery stores, but not much. What there was came from local growers. Lance said most people bought bulk produce and canned it. We had jars and a canner so we decided to do that too. Let me tell you, having Amy out of the house was pure Heaven. She didn't have a job and helped Sharon with some tasks while I helped with others. We didn't bring back nearly as much food as we took with us, except possibly for beans and rice. But we got peaches and pears from Pearblossom, assorted produce from the stores and meat from the Hungarian shop in Little Rock.

We were still using the pre-65 silver coins although we had picked up a few tenths, quarters, halves and full ounce gold Eagle coins as well as some of the one ounce silver Eagles. A person basically had a choice, trade for what they needed or pay for it in gold and/or silver. It seemed like everyone had a different idea of what an ounce of gold or silver was worth. Ammo was worth a lot and given the amount that Derek had sent back with us and the assortment of calibers, we mostly traded for what we needed.

Unfortunately, we were getting older and with the passage of time, became less able to do much without help. Amy and Lorrie helped with the canning for a share of the food. Lorrie had stayed in Palmdale when we had moved back to Arkansas and other than a couple of grey hairs, she was the same. She had a part time job working as a sign language translator. She'd taken a class back in, what was it, 2007? She had a lot of silver dimes and quarters but not many halves and no gold. Still, they managed and David

was running his own locksmith business in Palmdale.

The more things changed, the more they stayed the same. Well, not the same as they were in 2010, but more like the '50s, when I grew up. We were canning just like my mother did, using bulk produce. It had been too late in the year when we got back to plant a garden but we did the next year and it produced well. We concentrated on things that weren't available in the stores and were able to trade food for food. Sharon had finally figured out the trick to baking a really good loaf of bread and we bought wheat and ground our own flour using the Country Living Mill.

There was someone in town who grew yeast and sold it in cakes. A few things were imported like sugar. They grew the sugar beets up near Modesto and refined it up there. I saw a show about sugar on the History Channel and sugar beets have to be processed immediately after they're dug up or the plant, which is still alive, consumed the sugar. They wash them, slice them thin and boil them in water (I think). Then they concentrate the sugar, eventually converting it to the dry white product we all recognize.

News updates:

16 Nov 07 – Residents of Argentina and Brazil wonder if this winter will ever end. With temperatures plunging to 2.5C on Thursday, November 15, Buenos Aires recorded the lowest November temperature in 90 years. Only two days have had colder lows in November since records began more than a century ago -once in 1914 (1.6) and again in 1917 (2.4). And remember, the urban heat island effect was much less pronounced back then than it is now.

In Brazil's southernmost province Rio Grande do Sul temperatures fell to 2.3C. In Sao Joaquim Monday (Nov., 12) the temperature was -1.2 C with frost.

The culprit is a developing la Niña, a cooling of the water in the eastern Pacific along the South American coast, that some climatologists believe could indicate a return to the la Nina dominated situation that dominated from 1947 to 1977. El Ninos, a warming of East Pacific waters, have been more common since then. Some climatologists believe the el Niño may have caused what the IPCC calls "global warming". NASA has recently indicated that the circulation of the Arctic Ocean has changed from the counter-clockwise circulation of the 1990's to the pre-1990 clockwise circulation which could result in a cooling trend in the Arctic.

18 Nov 07 – Cold air descended across Europe this week prompting many ski resorts across Norway, Austria and Switzerland to open early.

Snow has been falling continuously across Austria - its earliest arrival of severe winter weather in decades.

On Thursday night, up to 50cm (20 inches) of heavy snow stranded thousands of drivers (some 5,000 cars) on a highway outside Vienna. .

St Antonien and Braunwald, Switzerland, received 64cm (25inches) and 72cm (28inches) of snow respectively last week.

Switzerland has not seen such a strong start to its winter ski season in over 50 years.

The cold air spread across parts of France, Germany and Spain, reaching as far south as the Balearics. Majorca reported up to 15cm (6 inches) of snow on surrounding peaks.

In the UK, the Met Office issued a warning of heavy snow for the Pennine and Peak districts. And other areas may get to see some snow by day's end.

9 Nov 07 – The Yellowstone Supervolcano has risen at a record rate since mid-2004, apparently because a blob of molten rock the size of Los Angeles has injected itself 6 miles beneath the caldera, says a new report in the journal Science.

“The upward movement of the Yellowstone caldera floor - almost 3 inches (7 cm) per year for the past three years – is more than three times greater than ever observed since such measurements began in 1923, says the study in the Nov. 9 issue of Science.

“There is no evidence of an imminent volcanic eruption or hydrothermal explosion.” says seismologist Robert B. Smith, lead author of the study and professor of geophysics at the University of Utah. “A lot of calderas [giant volcanic craters] worldwide go up and down over decades without erupting.”

Yellowstone produced huge eruptions 2 million, 1.3 million and 642,000 years ago. These eruptions were 2,500, 280 and 1,000 times bigger, respectively, than the 1980 eruption of Mount St. Helens. The eruptions covered as much as half the continental United States with inches to feet of volcanic ash.

Many smaller volcanic eruptions have occurred at Yellowstone, most recently 70,000 years ago. Smaller steam and hot water explosions have been more frequent and more recent.

“The uplift is still going on today but at a little slower rate,” says Smith, adding there is no way to know when it will stop.

Yellowstone sprawls across parts of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho.

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